

VOL. VII.

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THE  
MONTH

SEPTEMBER 1867.



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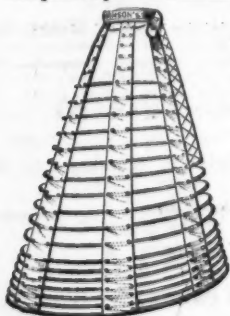
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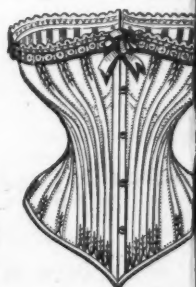


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SEPTEMBER 1867.

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## A Stormy Life ;

OR

### QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL.

#### PART II.

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#### CHAPTER XLJ.

##### LOVE'S VICTORY.

Tours, June 13th.

THE Queen and the Earl of Warwick—the two proudest hearts on this earth, I ween—have met face to face, and discharged in vehement words their impassioned resentments. It was like when contrary torrents dashing against each other produce foaming eddies, as I have seen when a great river rushes into the sea. But albeit, when the earl was reproached by the Queen for his treasons and foul slanders, he broke forth in retorts charging her counsellors with having plotted his destruction, body and goods, and saying that no nobleman, outraged and despaired as he had been, would have done otherwise than oppose force to force and enmity to enmity, his emotion was not anyways comparable to hers. Methought he rather assumed that great anger than felt it, and was resolved at any cost to achieve the reconciliation in hand, swayed thereunto by a masterful passion of present revenge more powerful than all former resentments. When he spoke of the so-called King Edward, a paleness overspread his visage, which is the most sure token of the direst rage. It made me almost tremble to see that man at the feet of the Queen. It seemed so incredible he should be there; and the change in him so sudden and unnatural. This is, I think, what he said to her :

"Madame, I unthroned you and your lord the King, but I have now been the means of upsetting your enemy; and I would have you to know that for the time to come I will be as much his foe as I have heretofore been his friend and maker. So take me, noble lady; so repute me. Forgive all I have done against you. I offer myself and I will bind myself in all manner of ways to be your faithful subject from this time forward, and a true liegeman to this your son, and I will set the King of France for my surety."

"Yea, that I will be," cried the King. "Sweet cousin, pardon the earl, and he will be to you the most true servant in the world."

Whether the Queen was silently tasting the strange bitter joy of seeing this her famous enemy sue for forgiveness, or that the conflict yet continued in her soul betwixt contending passions, I know not; but half raised from her chair of state, her hands resting on the arms thereof, her face averted from him, and her eyes fixed as if gazing on some vision in empty space, she remained motionless and speechless for well-nigh one quarter of an hour. At last the earl said,

"Madame, pronounce my sentence."

She turned her eyes full upon him with a singular, mournful gaze.

"Have you unsaid *all*?" she asked him.

"Yea," he replied; "not with my lips alone, but with my heart also."

"You hear him?" she exclaimed, her ashy pale cheeks suddenly flushing. "Sire and princes and lords, English and French, you hear him? The Earl of Warwick confesses that wittingly, maliciously, and falsely he charged me with foul crimes which I disdain here to rehearse. Before God and before you, he owns to have been a slanderer and a liar."

A silence deep as death followed these words. There was not one present, methinks, who did not feel an almost unsufferable confusion. I glanced at the earl. He had not changed his posture, but I could see that the veins in his forehead were swelled to bursting. A sudden change passed over the Queen's countenance. I went the fulness of her triumph softened her. She laid her hand on the earl's shoulder, and said in a loud distinct voice,

"Lord Warwick, I forgive you."

Shouts of gratulation burst on all sides. The Prince threw himself into the earl's arms.

"Edward!" the Queen cried, as if wounded to the heart. I thought she would have fainted. But the Earl of Oxford at that moment came forward, and falling on his knees before her, uttered these words:

"Pardon me also, my liege lady."

She instantly replied,

"My lord, *your* pardon is right easy to purchase; for I know you and your friends have suffered much in King Henry's quarrel."

She then made an obeisance to the King and retired to her chamber. When she was alone with me and had cast off her regal mantle, she sat down on the rushes in a kind of hopeless mood which I had never seen in her before.

"Think you," she said to me in a hoarse voice, and with a troubled look in her eyes, "that there will be a benison on this day's work? No, no, Margaret de Roos. If there be such a thing as an unholy reconciliation, then I fear me this is one."

What she said pained me, for verily betwixt the royal peacemaker's hypocrisy, the earl's new hatreds, and the Queen's unfor-giving forgiveness, I saw small virtue in this sudden alliance. The Prince's innocent joy, the radiant hopes which beamed in his eyes,

seemed to me like flowers blossoming on heaps of blackened ruins and desecrated tombs.

Since the day of the reconciliation King Lewis ceased not to urge the Queen to proceed to her father's court at Angers, whither he offered to accompany her. The Countess of Warwick and the earl, the Lady Anne Neville, and also the Duke and Duchess of Clarence were in that city; and nothing would serve his majesty but that they should all meet there, for what purpose it is easy to think. So we travelled thither on the day after the Feast of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul. The Prince had had much to do to disguise his impatience. I cannot choose but smile at the many wiles he used to draw me during those intervening days to talk of the Lady Anne. On the day before our departure he showed me a poem of King René's, from which he had transcribed these lines, and set them to a fair tune:

"Par la dame Vierge du pays,  
Quand je vous vis,  
Ah! par lieu du Paradis,  
Tout autre vouloir perdis,  
De penser ailleurs!"

and added: "That is truly my case, Lady Margaret; I can never turn my thoughts to any other damsel than my sweet Anne, who is

'Mon doux amour, mon recomfort,  
Et mon espérance outre bord:  
Seule au monde! j'aurai tort  
Si autre j'aimais.'

But I will never love another or marry one I do not love. Now be a good lady to me, sweet Lady Margaret, and tell me what mean the words which since yester-eve my mother hath let fall touching a certain royal bride which should be a meet consort for the Prince of Wales. I see not the princess in Europe which I could wed if I was free to choose, which I am not. Come now, I pray you, and tell me who she hath in her mind, that we may forthwith carry on a siege to dislodge her from it."

I answered him not directly, but took from a vase of flowers near to which we were standing a red rose and a white one, which I joined together, and showed them to him.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, amazed. "Blows the wind from that quarter? By my troth it cannot be. You do not mean Elizabeth of York?"

"None other," I replied. "The proposal cometh through the so-called king's brother, prudent Gloucester."

"O that man, that Richard!" the Prince exclaimed, stamping his foot. "He is the evil genius of our race. The wretched hunchback loves, or leastways covets, my Anne, I know. Doth he offer me, then, his puling niece in exchange for her? I will no more wed that little pale prickly rose than I will yield my Anne to him; no, not if ten thousand kingdoms should be the guerdon. But hath my mother, think you, lent her ear to this base proposal?"

"Methinks," I replied, "it proved not wholly distasteful to her.

She says her reconciliation with the earl hath shaken her pride, and thrown open the door to thoughts opposed to those hitherto cherished. But to my thinking, my lord Prince, and I say not this to flatter your desires, this insinuated offer of the Yorkists is but a wile to detach the Queen and your highness from your new powerful ally and subject."

"Ay," he exclaimed. "Give me the brave earl and his fair daughter, and let the Yorkists go hang!"

I smiled at this speech, and advised him at once to open his heart to the Queen.

"No," he replied; "let her first see Anne, and then on the morrow King Lewis and my grandsire will propose the match to her."

Angers, July 15th.

In this old palace of the Queen's father, on the most fair summer evening imaginable, a notable assemblage of royal and princely personages have met and embraced, which little thought once this new amity should have arisen betwixt them. The noble King René folded his daughter in his arms when she arrived, her head rested awhile on his bosom, and when she raised it and gazed on his face his tears fell fast on her brow; joyful ones, I ween, for he was right glad her prospects were mended. The Queen Jeanne welcomed her guests with her wonted goodness of heart and grave courtesy. The King of the French showed so great a contentment with the good cheer made for him by his uncle and aunt, that nothing could exceed it. He caressed every one in turn, but most of all our Prince, whose colour went and came as the hour approached when the Countess of Warwick, with her daughters, was to visit her majesty. When they came in, methinks his heart and mine were beating alike fast. The countess, whose noble visage it gladdened me right well to see, knelt to the Queen, who raised and kissed her. Then the Duchess of Clarence made her obeisance, if the bending of the knee can be so called when no other sign of homage doth appear. The duke, her husband, likewise performed this ceremony with a constrained, embarrassed air, which gave it an ill grace. Then the countess took her youngest daughter by the hand and said, "Your majesty hath, I ween, to pardon us all save this little wench, which never swerved from her allegiance to King Henry." The Queen looked intently at the lovely face of the Lady Anne, which was timidly raised to hers, and whose mantling blushes made it yet more sweetly winsome. She smiled and said, "Lady Anne, I could have guessed you had always been loyal; I read it in your eyes."

A beautiful flush overspread the pretty creature's face, and she falteringly said, "Madame, this is the most happy day I have known."

"God give you many happy days to come!" the Queen kindly replied.

I leave those who read to think if the Prince was not all eyes and ears during this brief colloquy. At the banquet that day he was seated by the Duchess of Clarence, and opposite to the Lady

Anne. Whenever he spoke to the duchess, she replied with an ill-disguised haughtiness which opposed an icy barrier to all his gracious courtesy. I noticed that the Earl of Warwick twice or thrice glanced frowningly towards his daughter, as if to recall her to her duty; upon which she forced a smile and addressed some remark to the Prince, who for his part seldom took his eyes off her sister. In sooth this Lady Anne is the fairest maiden imaginable: of so delicate a complexion and refined loveliness, that she as much surpasses every lady at this court in beauty as the rose doth all the other flowers of the garden. The sweet bashfulness of her countenance, its thousand graces over and above the marvellous perfection of her features and form, make her more witching than my poor pen can portray. I do not marvel that the Prince is in love with her; but O, what will the Queen say to this strange alliance?

I would give one thousand pounds, if I had them, that the Duchess of Clarence had not brought hither my old companion at court, now become her favourite lady, the long-necked and sharp-tongued Isabel Butler. Alas, methinks she looks like a bird of ill-omen; and I cannot choose but wonder at her boldness in appearing before her royal mistress, which she suddenly abandoned in the midst of the wars. But shame hath fled, methinks, nowadays into remote corners, and is not in fashion as heretofore.

The King of France danced in the evening with the Queen of Sicily, and the Comte de Vaudémont with the Duchess of Clarence, the duke with the Lady Anne, and then the Prince of Wales with his cousin, Madame Marie de Lorraine. Whilst these danced, Lady Anne kept her eyes, for the most time, fixed on the ground; yet I could see now and again the beautiful truants break loose from that constraint, and watch for a brief moment the graceful movements of the young Prince. Afterwards she came to my side, and after some talk touching the time I was sick at Warwick House, she said agreeably: "Lady Margaret, I wot well it is breaking God's commandment to covet a neighbour's servant, but think you it is a sin to covet any one's mistress? I am sorely tempted to this envy; for beshrew me if I would not fain be the servant of your mistress."

The Prince had come and stood behind my chair, eavesdropping, he said, and straightway they began to talk together in a low voice. This dialogue ensued between them:

"Sweet lady, what treason are you hatching with this great plotter, Lady Margaret?"

"I was seeking ghostly counsel from her, my lord, for the satisfying of my conscience."

"Wherein is it troubled, sweet Lady Anne?"

"I cry you mercy, my lord Prince; I had as lief not turn your grace into a ghostly adviser."

"Well, there is one sin for which I ween you should do penance, Lady Anne."

"What should that be, my lord?"

"Why, the breaking of a promise. You never sent me a token

of remembrance in your letters to this lady—no, not so much as one word, if she is to be believed; and yet in Paris—”

“O, good my lord, it was your grace which promised yourself that token. I uttered not one word of assent when you asked for it.”

“Therein you condemn yourself, sweet lady; for doth not silence signify consent?”

“O, not all kinds of silence, my lord. I shook my head when you condescended to make that request.”

“But I took no heed of that crafty denial, sweet Lady Anne; and I will by no means confess that you have not ill used your poor servant, who vainly hoped, day after day, to receive some little proof he was not quite forgotten.”

Lady Anne cast down her eyes and answered nothing. She had not a very ready tongue; but her confusion was so pretty when she lacked courage to speak, that one loved her the more for it. The Prince seemed of that opinion. He looked at her in silence for a moment, and then, to ease her embarrassment I think, he said: “Have you been yet to La Reculée, Lady Anne, and seen the fair gardens my grandsire hath planted, marrying nature with art by a thousand graceful devices?”

“Yea, my lord; they are the most beautiful imaginable.”

“Nay, not so perfect as those at his country palaces near Aix and Marseilles, or at his favourite St. Remy. There you see the orange-trees, with their gold fruit and white blossoms shining amidst the pale olive-groves, and birds which bear all the hues of the rainbow on their wings flying about their gilded cages. Fishes too, in estuaries, leaping in the sun; and so many flowers and fruits, that methinks a greater variety was not to be seen in the garden of Paradise. O, Provence is the land of sunshine, poesy, music, and love. If I had a sorcerer's wand, I should at this moment wave it, and straightway we three should now be sitting on a fair terrace overlooking the blue sea, the scent of the orange-blossom perfuming the air, and a band of minstrels singing a welcome to a northern flower, more fair than the rose, more delicate than the mimosa, sweeter than the jasmine; and as the day declined, and the music ceased, and the fire-flies danced around us, and the stars appeared one by one in the dark-blue sky, I would say, Thank God, who hath made this world so beautiful, and mostly that He hath created one being in it dearer to me than all the kingdoms of the earth.”

I was surprised at the suddenness of this poetic but grave speech, and so methinks was Lady Anne. Her colour went and came, and she said in a half-playful, half-serious manner: “Well, if it were lawful, my lord Prince, I could verily wish you were a sorcerer, for you would then conjure up a very beautiful enchantment. But even Anjou is, in mine eyes, a piece of fairyland. Not to speak of that bright blue sky, the like of which is rarely if ever seen in England, what fair manors and singular comely pleasure-houses are scattered over this province! not frowning towers and fortresses like elsewhere, but pastoral palaces and sweet hermitages.”

"Ah, that is my grandsire's taste, which mingles poesy and religion in all he builds or plants in his realms. Methinks Nature hath been too lavish towards him. She hath given a king talents which should have made a famous poet, a great limner, and a minstrel; piety meet for a saint, courage for more than one hero, and wit for many philosophers. Jealous Fortune despaired of her ability to rival Nature, and abandoned Nature's favourite. Thus the most virtuous, learned, admired, and passionately-loved monarch in this world hath been likewise the most misfortunate."

This speech of the Prince pleased me not wholly, and I was so bold as to say to him: "Piety, my lord, is not a gift, but a virtue."

"Nay, good Lady Margaret," he replied, "is it not a gift of the Holy Ghost?"

"But not of Nature," I objected.

"Dear Lady Margaret," quoth the Prince, "you are no poet."

"Truth, my lord Prince; and you are too much of one."

He laughed at my testy humour; and Lady Anne then said that King René had carried the Duchess of Clarence and herself on St. Peter's day to La Beaumette, which she declared was the sweetest spot in the world, and one where she would like to spend her days.

"If you told my grandsire so," said the Prince, "you proved unwittingly a most ingenious flatterer, for La Beaumette is as dear to him as the apple of his eye. You saw there the gracious devices and fair paintings wherewith his own hand adorned its walls. It is the sanctuary of the Knights of Los Croissant, the memorial of my holy grandam, and a miniature copy of the famous cave of La Baume, in Provence, where the great lover of Christ, blessed Mary Magdalen, ended her days. Said you a prayer, dear lady, at her altar?"

"Yea, a little prayer; a very short one."

"O, I pray you, what was it? What did you ask for?"

"You are too curious, my lord."

"Will you tell Lady Margaret?"

"Nay, nay; she is very discreet; but—"

"Well, tell me this only, sweet Lady Anne: do you sometimes pray for me?"

"Well, good my lord, I pray for the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales."

"Ay, but I would rather you prayed for Edward of Lancaster."

"Anne," cried a sharp imperious voice, which startled us all,—  
"Anne, the countess our mother is rising to depart. Are you forthwith going to keep her waiting?"

The Lady Anne blushed deeply, and moved forward with the Duchess of Clarence, who did not so much as make an obeisance to the Prince as she passed him. I was more grieved for this lady than angered with her. There was an unnaturalness in her husband's espousal of her father's new allegiance which sat uneasily on them both.

This peaceful evening was the forerunner of a more desperate, or at the least longer, encounter than even the one at Tours. Hea-



vens, what a fortnight ensued ! The French King, after Mass on the Feast of the Visitation, proposed to the Queen this alliance, prefacing it with many singular commendations of the Lady Anne, which she, unwitting what was to follow, gave a ready assent to, praising her beauty and modest haviour. When she discovered the purport of his discourse, in her first emotion she exclaimed : " Ah ! What, will my Lord Warwick indeed give his daughter to my son, whom he so often branded as the offspring of guilt or fraud ! " Then, when that momentary triumphant feeling had passed, she recoiled with a violent indignation from the thought of this marriage. " Has every one but me," she cried, " obliterated the past ? Because I have forgiven a rebellious subject, must I needs take to my bosom his daughter and caress the child of a pardoned traitor, who, if he had met with his deserts, should have hung on a gibbet ? If he had been the most virtuous and leal Englishman in existence, his daughter should have been no befitting match for the Prince of Wales ; but being what he is, I would as lief my son married the child of the meanest esquire in the land as ally himself with this repentant rebel." She would not again leave her chamber after these overtures had been made to her, and was almost sick with anger and vexation. Every day she grew more melancholy. At last one morn she said to me, " I am surrounded by importunate counsellors ; they compelled me against my will to this unnatural reconciliation ; and now they force upon me with relentless persistency this marriage, which I mortally dislike, nor, as I live, can I see honour or profit in it for me or for my son. I shall and I will find a more profitable part, and of more advantage, with the so-called King of England. If I had treated with him in place of pardoning that earl, it should have been more politic ; but that royal fox my cousin holds me in his power, and uses all my kindred like tools in his hands—my father and my son included."

" Madame," I said, " God defend I should presume to advise your majesty ; but thus much I will dare to say : any overtures which pass through the young Duke of Gloucester's channel are like to be most false and fatal, and such as the most inveterate malice can devise."

" There is not one honest man in the whole world," she cried, with a wild look, " save one or two, and those God hath made witless."

After that she would see no one for a while. When the Prince came to inquire after her health, she refused to speak to him, except that once she burst forth : " My son, if these vile proposals have been made to you touching a marriage with Anne Neville, God defend you should have lent an ear to them ; for with your mother's consent that alliance shall never take place." The Prince's countenance changed, but he uttered not a word. " Take this letter," she said, " which I showed yester-eve to the King of the French. Read it, and see that one nobler than Lord Warwick's daughter, royal in some sense, is offered to your acceptance."

" By whom, madame ? " the Prince said, glancing at the signature.



"In sooth, by the villain Richard."

"Sweet mother, if all the kings in the world should urge me to wed against your will, I never would fail in my duty to you; but O, mother and queen, by your most noble motherhood and royalty of heart; by all you have endured and achieved since I, the great cause of your trouble, came into the world,—I pray you abhor and disdain the offers of those wicked brothers,—in whom vice hath choked all greatness of soul,—and fling from you as an accursed thought that of matching your son with the child of that bad man. Mother, Lord Warwick hath been guilty, very guilty, towards you; I know it, I feel it; but there is in him another spirit than in these men, Edward and Richard of York. My father, my good, my holy father, would say so."

There were tears in the Prince's eyes, and his cheeks glowed like crimson as he uttered these words. It was not possible his mother could look unmoved on his beautiful face, all agitated with strong emotion.

"Edward!" she gently said. He fell down on his knees beside her, and laid his head on her lap. It well-nigh broke my heart to see her bend her pale haggard face towards that fair young head, loved with a greater maternal passion than can be conceived by quiet souls. She laid her thin hand upon it, and looked up to heaven with a glance of so great misery, that I could not bear to see it. He raised his visage—his sweet comely visage—and gazed on her sadly and fondly. She took his head betwixt her hands, as she was wont to do when he was a little child, and looked into his eyes most wistfully. "Lovest thou Warwick's daughter?" she said in a faltering voice.

"More than my life," he answered. "O mother, my life may haply be a short one: let it be happy whilst it lasts."

Poor Queen! A shiver ran through her at these words; they seemed to pierce her heart; but they did their work. A few hours later I saw the Countess of Warwick and the Lady Anne pass into the royal chamber; and on the morrow the marriage contract was signed in the presence of the two kings and Monseigneur de Guyenne. And in the church of St. Mary Lord Warwick swore on the True Cross always to hold the party of King Henry, and always serve him and the Queen and the Prince as a true and faithful subject oweth to serve his sovereign lord. The King of France and his brother swore they would help and sustain to the utmost of their power the Earl of Warwick in the quarrel of King Henry; and the Queen swore to treat the earl as true and faithful to King Henry, and for his deeds past never to make him any reproach. Her voice trembled not a little when she pronounced this oath, which she will without doubt religiously observe. After the recovery of the kingdom of England, the Prince is to be regent of all the realm, and the Duke of Clarence to have all his lands and those of the Duke of York. From this time forth the Lady Anne Neville is to remain in the hands and keeping of the Queen Margaret; but the said marriage not to be concluded till the Earl of Warwick hath been with an army

over into England, and recovered the realm for the most part for King Henry.

God send all these promises are performed ! The betrothed are the most joyful lovers which can be seen. The Queen hath taken the Lady Anne into her own lodgings, and doth set great store by her. The Duchess of Clarence is, I ween, mortally offended, because at the banquet to-day the Queen would have the Lady Anne, by reason of her betrothal to the Prince, pass before her sister. I saw Isabel Butler whisper in the duchess's ear a moment afterwards, and her grace bit her nether lip almost through as she listened to her. The French put about that the duke carouses more than is fitting. I like not the mood of this lady, nor the haviour of her lord.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### AN IDYL OF ANJOU.

How like unto a dream have been these months ! After so many reverses and scenes of blood and horror, the world seems to have turned into a scene of enchantment. Since the day of the betrothal of our young Prince and his fair Anne, as soon as the Queen gave her consent unto it, the French king lavished honours on her and on her son, by that same token that he chose them to be joint sponsors to his new-born heir at Amboise ; and the words "sweet cousin" and "gentle kinsman" were never out of his mouth on the day of the christening, or on the morrow when the Prince and his bride plighted their mutual troth, which ceremony was followed by great feasts, banquets, and rejoicings. But, despite his love and new happiness, the bridegroom would fain have accompanied the Earl of Warwick and his brave followers to England. He chafed like a restrained courser at the denial which the Queen and the earl opposed to his ardour.

"Sweet Prince and son," quoth the earl (and this speech of his methinks conquered at last the Queen's resentment towards him), "let not your hand stain itself with English blood. Let your name be the pledge of peace, the sign of hope, the heart's comfort of every bosom in our torn and bleeding country. Land not in England as the Lancastrian, but only as the English king, with—may I dare to say it who should not?—your fair Saxon wife by your side, as a token of reconciliation, an omen of peaceful days."

Then was seen the nobleness which was in the Queen's character, the love stronger than pride, which in fiery natures doth sometimes exist. These words, which would have angered a meaner soul, caused her to lay her hand on Lord Warwick's arm, and to say :

"Yea, in Edward and in Anne let all enmity die. She shall not be branded, like me, as a Frenchwoman, nor mistrusted by reason of a foreign accent. I thank God for it. Ah, my Lord Warwick, how marvellous a trick fortune hath played us that you should love my son and I affection your daughter ! Who shall dis-

believe any change on earth to be possible who hath witnessed this hap?"

Yet the Prince pleaded that he should hurry to release his father, and fall at his feet from whom he had been so long parted; but the earl would by no means hear of it, to the no small contentment of the Queen, who was tremblingly frightened lest he should leave her.

"No, gentle Prince and son," quoth the said earl, "it cannot be. I have a pledge to fulfil, and must needs acquit myself of it alone. If you thrust yourself into this enterprise, God is my witness I will not hold to my bargain."

It needed all the Princess Anne's pretty endearments to smooth the brow of her frowning young lord. He had to be contented to play the lover, not the husband, for a while; for albeit contracted, they were not to be married until what time tidings came from England that the King was free and the country returned to its allegiance.

In sweet pastimes, sports, and diversions the summer weeks passed by. The King of Sicily and his good queen made of each day a festival for these young lovers. In sooth it was a fair sight to see their mutual affection and great happiness. In the gardens of La Reclée, or the hillside of La Baumette, at the old palace of Saumur, or by the still waters of the Loire or those of the bright Mayence, enchanted hours sped by, I ween, as they wandered side by side, loving glances following them, music floating in the air, soft breezes wafting perfumes from the sunny slopes and clovered fields, his dark blue eyes fixed in enraptured gaze on hers, which are like the little flower the French peasants call *les yeux de la Vierge*. Exceeding pretty it was to watch them reading together his favourite lay, which he steals from his grandsire's chamber,—the royal pastoral of Regnault and Jeanneton, *le berger et la bergerette*, which is a picture of the loves of the king and his young wife Jeanne, when retiring for a few days from their court they lived in disguise, tending their sheep and working in their garden like poor happy country folk. It is a comely painting in verse of nature's woodland bowers, fresh gushing streams, and flowery meads, all peopled and alive with little denizens plying their sportive crafts. You behold therein the painted fishes at play, their enemies the birds which watch them furtively, then grow tired and fly away, but soon return again to wage a mortal war, shaking their pretty feathers and spreading their wings in the sun, or, fighting with the wind, make campaigns against the little flies. These disports of the birds, fishes, and flies, their wars and mutual loves, furnish ingenious comparisons to the enamoured pair. In the fidelity of the doves, in the translucent waters and the fresh verdure, they discover images of the faithfulness, truth, and hopefulness of their conjugal affection. I ween it liked well the lady Princess to hear the Prince read these passages of love; as when the Shepherd says,

"Ne pensons qu'à bien aimer  
Et délaissions mélancolie."

And nothing would serve him, she told me, but that she should recite the speech of *La Bergerette* :

“ Car en l'aimer dont je t'aime  
Il n'y a rien d'amer,  
T'aimerai très parfaitement  
Du bon du cœur et loyaument.  
(Et en le baisant dit), ma joie  
Est quand tu es où que je soie.”

“ And then, good Lady Margaret,” she added, “ it was but reason that he should answer like the *Berger* :

“ Plus de dix fois disant, Ma mie,  
Je n'aimerai autre que toi,  
Mon bien, mon conseil, mon attente.  
Si très parfaite en loyauté,  
Qu'au monde il n'y a royauté  
Pour qui changeasse.”

But the most joyful of all these playful days was one on which the whole court assembled on the hillside near *La Reculée* to gather the muscat grapes which King René had been the first to implant in Anjou. All these royal and noble persons were dressed as vintagers, and each one carried a light osier basket trimmed with gay ribbons, into which they stored the purple bunches with light-some labour and frequent laughter. The sun was hot, and the delicate ladies full soon grew weary of the work, and with their swains sat down to rest in a pleasant orchard near the vineyards. Then a strain of sweet music floated in the air, and a band of shepherdesses approached the company and invited them to a rustic repast in a fair pavilion, hung with wreaths of purple, blue, and red corn-flowers. Very mirthful and pleasant pastimes followed the rural banquet, in the midst of which a messenger arrived, bearing letters for the Queen, which at the first glance I could see came from England, for she turned pale, and her hands trembled so that she could not cut the string herself. Lady Warwick was likewise changing colour; for as yet it was only known that the earl her lord and the Duke of Clarence had landed at Dartmouth with their puissance and proclaimed their intention of delivering King Henry from durance, and that many thousands had gathered round their standard. Since then various reports had crossed the Channel; but the birds must have carried them, for adverse winds had impeded the passage of ships from England to France; and amidst the feastings and disports of King René's court and the pleasant entertainments of this autumn, there had been more weary watchings and secret suffering in the hearts of those three dissimilar ladies, the Queen, the countess, and the duchess, than was known to the more light-some spirits that surrounded them.

As the words “ Tidings from England ! ” flew from mouth to mouth, there was a general stir amongst the company.

“ What news, my daughter ? ” cried King René.

Alas, his noble heart hath been more accustomed to receive in-

telligence of disasters than joyful announcements! And there is a resigned cheerfulness in his countenance which betokens one habituated to suffering, and possessed of a mastery over his inward self which nothing can conquer, or else a lightness which no weight can crush. The Princess Anne ran to her mother, and the Duchess of Clarence sat down, her head leaning on her hand, which concealed her face.

"God be praised!" the Queen uttered in a faltering voice.

"Then all is lost!" my quick ears heard the duchess murmur.

The Prince caught up his mother's words and repeated them aloud, upon which a prolonged "Et vive!" burst from the crowd of kinsfolk, courtiers, and servants in the tent, and was echoed by the peasants outside; for it was soon bruited that King René's daughter, the idol of his people, had met with some great good fortune. It was a strange medley of sounds. The English cried "Hurrah!" Some fell on their knees, praying aloud; others waved their kerchiefs. When silence was obtained, the Queen rose with a letter in her hand. She held out the other to Lady Warwick, and said in a clear voice in French,

"Madame, your lord hath redeemed his pledge. The King is free and in his palace of Westminster."

"Say, then, 'God bless Warwick!' madame," the countess exclaimed, with tears running down her cheeks.

"Yea, God bless Anne's father!" the Queen cried, holding out her arms to the Princess, who fell weeping on her bosom in the fulness of her joy.

The Prince turned with his bright kindly smile to the Duchess of Clarence and said,

"My sweet sister, may God also bless your husband, whom I almost envy his share in your noble father's triumph!"

Like a ray of sunshine is suddenly obscured by meeting with a dark cloud in the sky, so the beaming countenance of the Prince was saddened by the gloomy despaired look of the duchess. She made him a stiff obeisance in return for his gracious speech; and when it was announced, and renewed shouts acclaimed the tidings that the usurper himself—unable to keep his ground in England in the face of the earl's influence, which day by day rallied thousands to King Henry's standard—had been constrained to fly to Holland, she suddenly rose, and leaning on Isabel Butler's arm, walked away down an alley of sycamores, where I could see them through the branches conversing together, the one with a pallid and the other with an inflamed visage. It grieves me to see the ill counsels of that lady fanning the jealousy of that poor duchess, till the sparks of ill-will turn into a flame of enmity against her sister. Each time the Princess, by the Queen's ordering, doth take precedence of the duchess, I observe Lady Isabel's malignant glance or poisonous whisper calling on her mistress to resent this humiliation; and when she plays with her babe in her presence, she must needs break off with a deep sigh, as if compassionating the infant, with many a "Heigh-ho!" and an "Ah me!" uttered in a dolorous tone,

which chases away the mother's smiles and awakens in her resentful thoughts.

When I could approach the Queen to wish her joy of the good news she had received, her majesty said to me,

"It was the Bishop of Winchester which conducted the King from his dungeon to the palace. Think how joyful this meeting must have proved. But a yet more joyful day, I ween, will be the one when I reach London."

At that moment the sky became suddenly overcast, and as the Queen uttered these words there was a flash of lightning, followed by a loud clap of thunder—the loudest methinks I ever heard. A deluge of rain followed, and we all took refuge in the pavillion. The Countess of Warwick drew me aside and showed me a letter she had received from her lord, and which it would like her the Queen should read, for it spoke of the love which was showed by the English people for King Henry, which was greater, he said, than could be thought of; for no sooner did the tidings spread that he should rejoice the country again by reigning as heretofore than the men of every class and in every shire arose, and the cry of "A Henry! a Henry!" flew from place to place, filling the air with acclamations. "Would to God," the earl said, "I had earlier known this King, or been acquainted with one-half of his virtues. What I have now witnessed of his goodness surpasseth what I should have thought possible in a mortal man. It is as if a living picture of Christ was daily before mine eyes. I remember, sweet wife, to have heard thee speak of a saint who called the crucifix his book. Well, this King, which I once scoffed at and evil entreated, is now a book to me, and his example and company learn me more of religion than any preachers ever did. But albeit a sad and virtuous people should be happy in such a monarch, and, as I said before, the most of the common people hold him in marvellous great affection and reverence, the tumultuous Londoners and dissipated nobles shall soon weary of his reign if the Queen and the Prince come not soon to lend to the court the lustre of worldly splendour, which was not lacking in the last years. Therefore, methinks the progress of their highnesses should not be long delayed; for, on the one hand, the ceremony and state which must attend it must needs cause slowness, and also, I fear, the want of money, though I hope in God the King of Sicily, out of his great generosity and love to their graces, shall therein assist them as much as in him lieth or even beyond his ability, for his power is much less, I ween, than his will to do it.

"Sweet wife, I thank God for the King's deliverance, and the full, merciful, yea loving pardon which he hath granted me for all the injuries and insults heaped upon him in past times; but I find in myself a singular kind of dejectedness since my return to England, and chiefly since the day when I came to London. The daily sight of this my sovereign's sweet humility, and his detachment from earthly things, works in me a contagious misesteem for this brief life, a loathing for bloodshed, and an awful sense of the nearness of the day when he who hath been styled the Kingmaker on this earth



must stand before the throne of One who judgeth kings in His wrath. I charge thee, dear and true and very beloved wife, to pray for me very much, and get religious persons to do the like; for, in sooth, I have heretofore been too little careful of my soul's health. And now regarding worldly matters: methinks it were time now, if it should please the Queen's majesty, that the contract betwixt the Prince and Anne should take effect, and I pray God to bless them both in this world and the next; and if it please Him my life should be prolonged, I hope to have greater comfort in this son-in-law than in Isabel's husband, who hath shown less wit and spirit since our coming hither than I had thought he possessed, and that was not much either. But I doubt not he is displeased at her absence whom, to do him justice, he worships with a singular affection. The King hath ratified all the Queen and the Prince conceded in his favour, and this should be enough for any man's ambition who was not born heir to a crown."

The latter part of this letter Lady Warwick retained, but gave me the first pages thereof to show to the Queen, which I did when I waited on her grace at her bedtime. She read it, and after a long thoughtful silence said, "I have always thought the King's example casts a spell on those about him. I have witnessed this effect and felt it likewise. When in his company I lost the bold venturesome spirit which thinks of nothing but achieving its objects. This dejectedness of the earl, after a signal triumph, is a bad omen. The King hath infected him with his scruples, and robbed him of the strength which should have served us. How can one live with one who counts riches and greatness and life itself as nothing, and continue to fight for them with the vehement will which wrings success from the hands of fortune! See, this man, which feared neither God nor man when he was against us, is now cut to the heart, talks of his sins, makes ready for death! O, that I had the wings of an eagle to fly to London! Leave me now, but let the Prince know that I would see him early to-morrow."

Some days have passed since the writing of the last pages. The Princess Anne hath been with me this morn: she and the Prince have become from the most fond betrothed lovers the most happy wedded pair in the world. She said they had found the Queen to-day not so merry as the good tidings from England should make her; but by tender caresses and playful talking they had caused her dear grace to be of better cheer. Sitting both at her feet, they jested together, and then discoursed of the future, and built in fancy a cottage in England whither they should retire, like the King and Queen of Sicily, far from the gay court and busy world, to enjoy their love, which would never change as long as they lived.

"Where shall our cottage be?" quoth the Prince.

"O, I pray you, good my lord," she replied, "let it be on the banks of the Thames, not far from the palace at Sheen, for the meadows there are more green and fair than any others in the world. And then this sweet mother the Queen shall come and visit us

disguised; and I shall make with mine own hands sweet cakes and preserves to set before her. My mother hath an excellent receipt-book, which I shall then borrow. Thou shalt always call me Nancy in our retreat, sweet Prince, and shalt suffer me to call thee Ned."

"Ay," answered the Prince, smiling; "but who shall write a poem styled 'Ned and Nancy'? Perhaps the blind poet Audleigh, or the old Welsh bards I remember at Harlech. It would like me well to be near London, and sometimes to go in secret into its streets to console poor wretches whose woful cries reach not the ears of princes, and to cause glad surprises to miserable debtors enchained by usurers, as my grandsire is wont to do here and in Provence."

The Queen said, "Fair son, you must likewise entertain as he doth the nobles of the land with tournaments and banquets; for benefits are weak engines wherewith to win the hearts of a proud people, when knightly splendour and warlike repute are not added to them. A king, alas, may be adored by the poor, as hath been too well seen in England, and yet dethroned by ungrateful men."

"O, I will live as a Christian, sweet mother, and fight like a Turk when there is occasion," quoth the Prince, laughing. "And as to tournaments, we will hold an emprise at Westminster which shall astonish the whole world. It shall not be my fault, I promise you, if the English do not love me."

The Princess, who was repeating to me this dialogue, stopped short, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed, "O, Lady Margaret, is there any one on earth who would not love him, except—" She hesitated a little, and then told me how it pained her that the duchess her sister betrayed a determined dislike of the Prince.

"Your grace must remember," I replied, "that the disappointment of a crown is one which few women could endure with patience."

"Well," quoth the Princess, "I would as lief be a servant-maid in a kitchen as marry a king if I loved him not."

"But doth not the duchess love the duke?" I said.

The Princess shrugged her graceful shoulders and answered, "If I must speak the truth, she would have loved the duke more than he had been a king, and loves him a little by reason of his being a duke. If he had no royalty of birth, no nobility of lineage, no large possessions, if he were only plain George Plantagenet, I warrant you she would set small store on him. O, I pray you think me not too unsisterly; but how can one like Isabel love a man so weak and so drunken as George Clarence? It maketh me sad to see her which was so long my fond playmate thus unworthily mated. I would rather have died than have married one of these Yorkist dukes. Now my sweet lord every one must needs admire. He hath the most generous disposition in the world. His soul is like a clear lake in which the hues of heaven are reflected. When we were speaking of the secret cottage we shall build, he said for his part he should like to discover the spot in Hexham Forest where he and the Queen were hidden in an outlaw's cave, and erect there an hermitage, and not far off a religious house, where God should be always praised. And then he bethought himself of the good outlaw,



and said he should seek him out, and, if it pleased God, make him as happy as a prince; 'yet not so happy as the Prince of Wales,' he added, smiling, 'for there is but one Anne Neville in the world, and he cannot have her.'

"I am ashamed, Lady Margaret," added the sweet Princess, blushing, "to be so boastful of my lord's praises; but, heavens, do I not know it is his goodness, not my poor merits, which adorn me in his eyes? In sooth, dear lady, I am too happy. The Queen, which I feared so much should flout me, is so indulgent to her poor daughter-in-law that I am amazed at her condescension. She listened this morning to our foolish talking with a half-sad but wholly loving countenance, ever and anon calling me by some endearing name, or holding my hand in hers, as it is not her wont to do with her nieces, or any one else that I can see."

"Her love for her son," I replied, "is so passionate that it must needs overflow towards you, dear lady, who so entirely worship him."

"Yea," she exclaimed with a bright smile lighting up her fair visage,—"yea, Jeanneton did not idolise her Regnauld more, I promise you, than doth Nancy her sweet Ned. But, by the way, my Lady Margaret, you are reported to have the pen of a ready writer. I pray you, if this be true, and you love me, write a poem on *nos amours*, as these French people say."

I assured the Princess I had no ability for this task; at which she pouted, and vowed she should apply to the King of Sicily, who never refused her requests, and would not be so churlish of his muse, only she was so much of an Englishwoman that verses in her own language would please her best; and so, in a pretty huff, she left me.

The tidings from England continue to be most cheerful; and in a few days the Queen is to proceed to Paris, where the French King hath already caused a *Te Deum* to be sung in the church of Notre Dame for the liberation of King Henry. He hath appointed the Counts of Eu, of Vendôme, and of Dunois, and Messire de Chatillon to escort her majesty thither as a guard of honour. The Prince and Princess, the Countess of Warwick, and the Duchess of Clarence travel with her. I fear me I shall have to ride in the company of Lady Isabel Butler, and will hear naught but taunts and ill-natured comments on her grace and the Prince. Howsoever, those that are losers should be treated with patience; and I pray God I may keep my temper, and not think of this lady worse than she deserves. She is a most desperate Yorkist; but Heaven defend she prove not treacherous also, or, at the least, a dangerous spy.

## Chant de la Pologne,

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O DIEU qui, si longtemps dans sa lutte guerrière,  
Fus de notre Pologne et l'égide et l'appui,  
Et préservas son front paré de ta lumière  
Du joug humiliant qui l'accable aujourd'hui,  
Tends-nous la main du haut de ton trône sublime !  
Rappelle devant toi les jours de ta bonté,  
Fais-nous, Seigneur, fais-nous remonter notre abîme . .  
Rends-nous notre patrie et notre liberté !

Dieu très-saint, qui plus tard, calmant notre souffrance,  
A notre sainte cause accordas des héros  
Généreux pionniers, qui, de la délivrance,  
Ont souvent aplani le chemin de leurs os,  
Tu donnas pour témoin le monde à leur ouvrage,  
Le flot envahisseur en fut épouvanté . . .  
Mais la mer de nouveau dévore le rivage—  
Rends-nous notre patrie et notre liberté !

Dieu, dont le bras vengeur ne connaît pas l'espace,  
Tout le jour éternel renferme tous les jours,  
Ecoute un peuple en deuil qui te demande grâce,  
Et contre l'injustice implore ton secours.  
Tu peux, en un clin d'œil, désarmer la puissance,  
Briser le long travail de la perversité . . .  
Dans les cœurs polonais reveille l'espérance :  
Rends-nous notre patrie et notre liberté !

Baume vivifiant des angoisses mortelles,  
Que la vertu du sang de ton Fils bien-aimé  
Ouvre la région des clartés éternelles  
A tous ceux qui sont morts pour le peuple opprimé.  
La gloire d'ici bas n'est que peine et ténèbres ;  
Pour hâter leur repos dans la sainte cité,  
Daigne accepter nos pleurs et nos hymnes funèbres ;  
Rends-nous la patrie et la liberté !

## Poland's Song.

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God, who so long on many a hard-fought field  
Wast Poland's great sustainer and her shield,  
Keeping her, while Thy glories bath'd her brow,  
From that sad yoke of shame which bows her now,  
Call, call to mind those merciful days of yore,  
Thy saving hand reach to us from on high,  
Draw, draw us upwards from the gulf once more,  
Give us again our country and our liberty !

All-Holy ! who, our sufferings to assuage,  
Didst heroes send our holy war to wage,  
Strong leaders, noble hearts, their lives who gave,  
So Freedom's car might roll above their grave,  
Thou bad'st the world gaze on them : panic fell  
On the advancing floods : but now, how high  
Those gulping surges round and on us swell !—  
Give us again our country and our liberty !

God, whose avenging arm no space can stay,  
All times are centred in Thine endless day :  
Hear Thou a nation's cry, which mourns so long,  
Seeking Thine aid against triumphant wrong.  
A moment ! Thou canst break the mightiest might,  
Undo the long-wrought work of villany,—  
O ! flood our hearts once more with hope's sweet light !  
Give us again our country and our liberty !

Life-giving balm of every human grief,  
Thy Son, Thy loved One, bled for our relief.  
O, by that blood may endless glories shine  
For those who fell for this poor flock of Thine—  
All glory here is misery and night !  
O, let our funeral hymns, our suppliant cry,  
Open to them at once that city bright !—  
Give us again our country and our liberty !

Que ton souffle divin dise à notre jeunesse,  
Quoique près d'expirer sous des nœuds étouffants,  
Qu'il faut, que tôt ou tard, la Pologne renaisse,  
Et libre, sur son sein presse tous ses enfants.  
Jusqu'au dernier tronçon bénis son cimeterre,  
Précipite l'espoir vers la réalité—  
Oh ! nous t'en conjurons, la face contre terre,  
Rends-nous notre patrie et notre liberté !

Ah ! si l'exil s'abreuve à si grande amertume,  
Si la patrie humaine a de si doux attrait,  
Qu'il faut, pour y rentrer, que l'homme se consume,  
Et jette à la moisson tant de sang pour engrais,  
Malheur à qui perdra la patrie immortelle !  
En attendant ce jour de terrible équité,  
O Dieu compatissant ! couvre-nous de ton aile,  
Rends-nous notre patrie et notre liberté !

JEAN REBOUL.

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Our young ones, scarcely breathing 'neath the chain,—  
Whisper to them some heavenly hopeful strain,  
That Poland once again, by Thy behest,  
Must live, and clasp her children to her breast.  
Bless every splinter of her shatter'd sword;  
On, headlong Hope, to grasp futurity!  
Bow'd to the ground before Thee, hear us, Lord!  
Give us again our country and our liberty!

If exile's cup so bitter be below,  
If earthly country draws our heartstrings so,  
That men, so they may tread its paths once more,  
Are fain their life-blood on its fields to pour,—  
What woe to them who miss that Heavenly Home!  
Compassionate! to Thy sheltering wings we fly—  
O! till that day of terrible justice come,  
Give us again our country and our liberty!

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## The latest Arctic Discoveries.

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THE public interest felt in this country in the still unsolved mysteries of the Arctic regions has died away under the gloom occasioned by the loss of Sir John Franklin and his companions, the failures of the expeditions sent out in search of them, and the successful solution of the one great question which had so long baffled all the efforts of our navigators—that of the North-west Passage itself. It is quite clear that the north-eastern corner of the continent of America is fringed by a cluster of large islands, more numerous, perhaps, and extensive and less scattered, than those which seem to hang on the south-eastern limits of the Asiatic continent. It is also clear that the many passages which divide these islands from one another and the mainland are perfectly useless for all purposes of navigation, and there is not enough even of merely scientific interest about them to justify the risking of valuable lives in their further exploration. The coast-lines, indeed, are not quite traced out, and we are still unable to complete our maps of the Arctic circle: we do not know how far northwards Greenland may extend, or whether the North Pole itself is on land or water. This, however, is nearly all that remains to be discovered. A gallant captain of our Royal Navy not long ago avowed his design of “hoisting the Union Jack” upon the “Pole” in question; and for so patriotic an achievement it would no doubt be absolutely necessary to ascertain what that time-honoured flag would have to fly over. But even this glorious prospect failed to rouse public sympathy; and we fear that John Bull will not be much afflicted if the flag which has braved the battle and the breeze so long should never be raised on the earth's axis. It is quite possible that the Stars and Stripes or the Prussian Eagle may get there before it.

There must be something strangely attractive about the narratives and even the memory of Arctic adventures, to account for the craving which so many, even of those who have had experience of their hardships, feel for renewed acquaintance with them. At first sight, one might think that a Carthusian cell or the deserts of Egypt would be preferable, even in the judgment of the natural man, to the lot of our Arctic navigators. Setting aside the grave danger to life which, even with the most ample resources and appliances at

command, these adventurers always incur, and supposing that the ice does not crush their vessel nor the winter cold freeze them to death, that they are insured against famine and disease, the bear and the walrus, and the possibly unfriendly natives with whom they may fall in, still it is almost a matter of certainty that the greater portion of the whole time employed in any expedition will be spent in winter-quarters, under that terribly oppressive darkness of so many months; and that the close confinement of a crowded brig or schooner turned into a large hut will be varied only by an occasional bear-hunt, by work at the "Observatory," which the climate renders extremely painful and difficult, or by journeys over "hummocks" and along the ice-bound coast in sledges, during which sleeping-quarters have to be extemporised in the side of a snowbank with the thermometer many degrees below zero. Where there is so much physical suffering, and, often, so great anxiety and danger, it must sometimes, also, be the case that the weakest and most disagreeable features of personal character make themselves prominent: yet no members of those communities of imprisoned ladies whose condition moves so tenderly the compassion of the Newdegate and Whalley class of philanthropists are more entirely dependent on one another for social intercourse and mutual support and encouragement than the crew of one of these exploring ships, but few of whom have probably met before starting. Yet there never seems to be any difficulty about manning these vessels. The leader of one of the latest of these expeditions—Dr. Kane—tells us at the beginning of his last narrative, "Ten of our little party belonged to the United States Navy, and were attached to my command by orders from the Department: the others were shipped by me for the cruise, and at salaries entirely disproportioned to their services: all were volunteers."\* The last author of a similar volume—Dr. Hayes, also of America, who accompanied Dr. Kane in 1853-'58, and was the commander of a subsequent expedition in 1860—tells us that he had volunteers enough to fit out a respectable squadron. Only one of these, however, like himself, had been a member of the former expedition.

It may well be asked, what is the object to be gained by any further researches? The answer to this question is chiefly to be found in the title of Dr. Hayes's very interesting volume, *The Open Polar Sea*. It is supposed by many scientific persons that the space around the North Pole itself is occupied by a large sea, which would be found open and navigable if ships could but penetrate the belt of ice

\* Kane's *Arctic Explorations in 1853-55*, vol. i. p. 16.

by which it is entirely, or almost entirely, surrounded. If we take up a map of the Polar Regions, with the North Pole in its centre, and rid ourselves for the moment of the confusion which is engendered by our familiarity with the very different appearance which the same parts of the globe present in ordinary maps,—for the sake of getting rid of perplexity of this kind, it would be well if the converging lines of the degrees of longitude could be obliterated—we shall have before us, encircling a large ocean, lines of shore, themselves singularly unbroken. Almost two-thirds of the circle is complete, from Greenland round to Behring's Straits, and then along the north coast of Siberia and Russia; but when we get to the longitude of Nova Zembla, the Russian coast recedes southwards, and the circle bulges out, as it were, till it reaches the North Cape, between which and the actual Pole, rather nearer to the latter than Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen is interposed. But the only large break in the line of circuitous coast is the interval between Norway and Greenland. The Siberian coast confronts that of North America: and a ship sailing—if it could sail—straight over the Pole from Behring's Straits would almost strike Spitzbergen, and, if it bent its course a little to the right, would come down on the Shetlands and Orkneys. The only part of the coast-line which is not ascertained is, as we have said, the north face of Greenland and the islands or peninsulas which lie immediately to the west of that country. From various points around the circle discoverers have at different times thought that they saw an open ocean before them. Water was seen in the sixteenth century to the east of the northernmost Cape of Nova Zembla: the Russian explorers along the Siberian coast have always been stopped in their journeys over the ice northward by open water. The expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin have led to the same conclusion with regard to the northern coasts of Greenland and Grinnell Land. The discovery of these parts of the Polar regions has indeed been one of the chief results of those researches. Dr. Kane, in the expedition to which we have referred, passed up Smith's Sound, an opening at the very head of Baffin's Bay, and spent two winters at a point which seems to be actually on the northern face of Greenland. From Smith's Sound a wide channel, beset by ice, and consequently unnavigable, opens, as it would appear, into the Polar Basin itself. The eastern shores of this channel were traced by a party sent out by Dr. Kane till they could proceed no further on account of the failure of the ice along which their sledge had carried them. They found themselves on a rock-bound coast, against which the breakers were dashing, without a speck of ice in sight, and surrounded by Brent geese, eider ducks, gulls, and other birds in plenty,



for which their companions, whom they had left in their winter harbour far to the south, would have given a great deal. The coast on which they stood, which forms part of what may be an island, the channel between which and Greenland has been filled up in the course of ages by a gigantic glacier, was named after Washington.

This open sea remains, it would seem, the one mystery which the Arctic regions have yet to surrender to their indefatigable explorers. The latest narrative which has appeared is that of the expedition in 1860-61, under the command of Dr. Hayes, who, as we have mentioned, was one of Dr. Kane's companions. Dr. Kane, after spending two winters in Smith's Sound, from which he was never able to extricate his ship, made his way with sledges and boats to the Danish settlements of Greenland, and so returned home with the discoveries we have named. But the question of the Open Polar Sea had too great a fascination about it to be left only half settled. Dr. Hayes accordingly set to work to "instruct the public" mind in America by lectures and writings, and the result of the movement thus set on foot was the expedition the history of which has just been published.

Dr. Hayes spent only a single winter under the Arctic sky. His intention was to follow up Dr. Kane's line of discovery, and therefore he committed his little schooner to the severe trial of a battle with the ice in Smith's Sound, in hopes of being able, before the winter of 1860-61 closed around him, to reach some point on the western shores of that Sound from which it might be easy to make during the following spring sledge excursions which might trace the coast northwards. Dr. Kane had been forced to take refuge in a harbour on the eastern coast, from which he was never afterwards able to free his vessel. Dr. Hayes was foiled in his attempt to reach the western or American coast, and his account of the manner in which his ship was knocked about by the ice and at last even raised out of the water between the converging floes gives a good description of the dangers to which navigation of this kind is exposed. The little schooner escaped at last, and found refuge in a bay on the Greenland side of the Sound somewhat more to the south than that on which Dr. Kane had left his ship. The chief interest of the expedition, in the matter of new discoveries, is centred in a sledge journey taken by Dr. Hayes along the opposite or western coast. In this journey he passed further to the north than any discoverer of whom we have record. At a distance of about five hundred miles from the North Pole—some forty or fifty less than the distance from the North Foreland to John o' Groat's House—he was checked by rotten ice along which his dogs refused to proceed: and he had been unable to get his boat over from the opposite side of Smith's Sound.

He had therefore to turn back, with the conviction that he had been on the shores of the Polar Sea. He was considerably further to the north than the party which Dr. Kane had sent out, and which reached, as we have said, what may be called the north face either of Greenland or of an island lying off its northern coast. In one respect the later discoveries are not so complete as those of Dr. Kane, for Dr. Hayes, from the point which he reached, could still see the coast on which he stood running far to the north, and there can be no certainty about his conjecture that it was but a projecting point of land. It is possible, therefore, that Grinnell Land,—as it is called—may stretch very much further towards the Pole than has yet been ascertained. Still, this leaves the theory of the Open Polar Sea undisturbed. At the point reached by Dr. Hayes the sea was not so free from ice as it had been found by Dr. Kane's explorers a few years before, on the opposite coast; but Dr. Hayes ended his journey more than a month earlier in the year, with no land in sight but that on which he stood, and the ice around the coast-line so evidently breaking up, as to make it safe to predict that all would be clear in the course of a few weeks.

Dr. Hayes returned as fast as he could, in the hope of being able to bring up his ship and then get into the open seas. But the little vessel, although so far repaired as to be seaworthy, had been so shattered by her conflicts with the ice in the preceding autumn, that it was thought impossible to attempt the encounter again: as would have been necessary if her course had been shaped northwards or across the Sound. So Dr. Hayes determined to go home, intending to return once more to the scene of his investigations with a stronger ship, and with the assistance if possible of steam-power. Unfortunately, the first news which greeted him on his reaching the Danish settlements in Greenland was that of the civil war in America, and on arriving at Boston he laid aside all thoughts of further discoveries for the present, and asked for employment in the public service. He tells us, however, that he still contemplates further adventures. His plan is, with two ships if possible, to plant himself once more at Port Foulke—the spot at which he spent the winter of 1860-61—and there, with the assistance of the natives, to organise a sort of temporary colony, which might gather provisions and collect Esquimaux dogs for the purpose of sledge expeditions if it should be impossible to proceed in one or both of the vessels. In this way he would place himself in the position which he had to abandon before, and have those advantages in ships and resources the want of which compelled him to retire. At the same time, he speaks with some hesitation as to the absolute superiority of this

plan over any other that might be devised. It is clear that the great difficulty which lies in his way or in that of any Arctic discoverer is the uncertainty whether the fields of ice which drift from the north into Smith's Sound will admit of a passage for ships. The ice, it is obvious, hugs the land; the bergs, which form so magnificent but so dangerous a feature in the narratives of all these voyages, are broken off from the ends of huge glaciers which are continually descending into the sea from the land. But for the contributions of the land, therefore, the Arctic seas would be comparatively free from ice. On the other hand, it is supposed that the current of the Gulf Stream, which has so much to do with the climate and temperature of the North Atlantic, flows beyond Iceland and to the east of Spitzbergen, and that its waters must modify the temperature of those of the Arctic Ocean. The stream which sets downwards from the Pole between Iceland and Greenland, carrying along with it the fields of ice and icebergs, which descend far to the south along the coast of America, are perhaps set in motion by the irruption into the Polar Basin of the warmer waters from the Mexican Gulf. While these suppositions confirm the hypothesis of an open sea at the Pole, they would also seem to point to the course of the Gulf Stream itself, at all events to the side of the Polar Sea at which that stream enters it, as most suited for attempts either in ships or on sledges to reach its waters. Before the American explorers of whom we have been speaking, the nearest approach to the Pole that had ever been made was that of Sir Edward Parry in 1827, who by means of sledges and boats advanced over the ice from the north of Spitzbergen to a very high latitude, but found at last that the ice which he was traversing northwards was itself in motion towards the south, and was finally left on the sea by its breaking up altogether. It is obvious that he would have had a far better chance of ultimate success if his track had lain over ice which was stationary, or if he could have in any way availed himself of the northward flow of the Gulf Stream. These considerations would perhaps seem to prove that the route to the Polar Sea by Smith's Sound is not so promising as that from the Siberian side of the Arctic basin: and we gather from a statement of Dr. Hayes that the latter is to be attempted by a Prussian expedition under Dr. Petermann.

On the other hand it must be remembered that the argument on which Dr. Hayes seems to rest his preference for the track with which he is already familiar is not wanting in force. That argument mainly consists in the fact which these late expeditions have certainly demonstrated, that it is quite possible for a well-armed and healthy body of men to maintain themselves during winter upon the resources

which exist in the neighbourhood of Smith's Sound. It is tolerably clear that if Sir John Franklin had taken the route there open to him, instead of attempting to penetrate the archipelago more to the south-west, and if he had there been imprisoned as Dr. Kane was imprisoned after him, he might have been able to keep his crews alive for an indefinite period without exhausting the stores which he took with him from England. The routes of our own countrymen who have sought for the North-west Passage have generally lain through the most inhospitable tracts of all those inhospitable regions. The American expeditions of which we are now speaking, on the contrary, have found themselves in comparative plenty. Dr. Hayes, in particular, was never at a loss for fresh food in the neighbourhood of his winter harbour. There was an abundance of reindeer, Arctic foxes and hares for the hunters; the seal, the bear, and the walrus were to be met with on the ice or in the open water, and the approach of summer brought immense flocks of birds to the cliffs and islands around them. It appears that the waters of the Arctic seas are exceptionally rich in the food on which marine birds live. Thus, with care and forethought, a large party might be sustained on fresh food during the short summer, and an abundant provision might be made for the winter months. Fresh food is the great preservative against scurvy. Dr. Hayes seems to have been far more fortunate throughout than his predecessor, Dr. Kane, in the health of his crew. Dr. Kane's party were extremely weak at the time of their final and arduous struggle for life, marching and rowing over and through the ice from their abandoned ship to the Greenland settlement: but they were not too weak to support themselves during a greater part of their journey by the game which they killed. There is a most touching account in Dr. Kane's second volume, how once and again when these famished and toil-worn adventurers had dragged their boats on to the ice-belt under the cliffs which they were coasting, they found themselves in the midst of unexpected plenty, the first time able to gather eider-ducks' eggs at the rate of twelve hundred a day, and the second time surrounded by multitudes of the fowl called *tumme*, which Dr. Hayes compares favourably to the canvas-back duck, and whose delicious eggs, mixed with the cochlearia growing on the surface of the cliffs, furnished them with the best of salads.

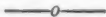
Both of these expeditions formed very friendly relations with the Esquimaux. That strange race seems to be dwindling: a quarter of a century ago the small-pox found its way among the Esquimaux of Upper Greenland, and carried off great numbers. The plague had the effect of driving many survivors to seek help and protection from

the Danish colonists. The result has been that the manners of the natives have been raised to a certain extent. The Lutheran and Moravian missionaries have succeeded with a good number of them. The great crimes of barbarian life, such as murder, infanticide, incest, and treachery towards strangers, have been, to a considerable extent, banished. They are now very hospitable to any chance crew that may be thrown in their way. It would seem that they have yet to be taught that forethought and habit of providing for the future which would enable them to live in comparative plenty, even under the bleak skies of the Arctic circle. During the last winter spent by Dr. Kane and his party in their ice-bound vessel, though their stores were almost exhausted, the Esquimaux seem to have suffered from the severity of the season even more than the strangers.

As we conclude these lines, the news reaches us that a new expedition to the North Pole is being projected in France (see *Les Mondes*, 15 Août 1867). A subscription is to be raised, to which the Emperor has himself largely contributed, and ought soon to reach the required amount (600,000 francs) if the distinguished men who have given their names as members of the Committee exert themselves in earnest for the purpose. The plan of operations is said to be according to the programme of M. Gustave Lambert, of which we have not yet seen a copy: but as it is said to depart from the course of action hitherto pursued for the attainment of the object in view, it may perhaps be based on considerations such as those which we have put forward. It is certainly curious to see France, Prussia, and America pushing forward in the race towards the North Pole, while Englishmen profess themselves too indifferent to make further exertions.

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## English Premiers.



### XIII.—LIVERPOOL AND CANNING.

THERE are some among the English Premiers of whom the historian feels that he has to record their names oftener than their vices demand or their virtues deserve. He has little to say against them, and as little to say in their favour. They have one unpardonable fault, and that is mediocrity. They are tame and flat, and, do what he will, he cannot make them stand boldly on the page. Such were Lord Wilmington and the Duke of Devonshire under George II.; the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, and the Duke of Portland under George III. There was little in Mr. Perceval that was dramatic, except his assassination; and Lord Liverpool is known to posterity chiefly as giving a name to a Cabinet, while his colleagues, Castlereagh and Canning, were making a much greater figure in the world than he. We remember him principally for his prosecution of Queen Caroline, and his constant resistance to Catholic claims. While yet on the threshold of office, he declared his hostility to these claims; and the steps he took towards forming a ministry, by the Prince Regent's desire, make us acquainted with his incurable bigotry on the one hand, and with the liberal sentiments of some eminent statesmen toward Catholics on the other. They bring before us again Lords Grenville and Grey negotiating indeed with Liverpool, yet ultimately refusing to countenance his narrow policy. They lay before us the letters of Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning, in which they distinctly decline taking part in an administration whose badge was to be no surrender—in other words, no justice to Catholics. "To join it," Canning wrote,\* "would be to lend myself to the defeating of my own declared opinions on that most important question." Lord Wellesley's words† are still more remarkable, and deserve to be quoted:

"At the remote period of the year 1797, upon the eve of my departure for India, I stated to the late Mr. Pitt my solicitude that he should direct his attention to the settlement of Ireland. And I expressed to him my conviction that Ireland could neither be happily settled nor firmly united to

\* May 18th, 1812.

† May 21st, 1812.

Great Britain without a concurrent settlement of the claims of his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects. . . . You must remember that I have always lamented as serious national calamities, menacing the constitution of the monarchy, the reference which has necessarily been made to the existence of those personal sentiments (of the King on the subject of Catholic emancipation), and the causes which have occasioned that necessity. With the warmest sentiments of personal veneration, attachment, and gratitude, my opinion has always been, that the duty of loyalty and affection towards a British sovereign *does not consist in submissive obedience, even to the honest prejudices or errors of the royal mind*, but rather in respectful endeavours to remove those prejudices and errors by free advice in council, and by temperate remonstrance in parliament."

Mr. Canning spoke to the same effect in the House of Commons on the 20th of May.

"In affirming," he said, "that the Roman Catholic claims should not now be agitated, ministers beg the whole question. I do not say that immediate concessions should be made; all I claim is, that this body of people should be sheltered under the protecting wing of the legislature; that their case should be placed in the hands or in the portfolio of the executive Government. By these means, and these only, can you insure to Ireland a happy and peaceful summer, and to the empire confiding and lasting tranquillity."

Lord Liverpool was forty-two years of age when he became First Lord of the Treasury. He was born in the same year with Canning and Huskisson, his early friends and associates in Parliament. Madame de Stael, who visited England when he was Premier, asked him one day, "What is become of that *very* stupid man, Mr. Jenkinson?" "Madame," said the minister, highly flattered, "he is now Lord Liverpool." But Madame de Stael deserved a sharper rebuke. Lord Liverpool was *not* a stupid man. He was constantly pitted against Canning in a debating club at Oxford. He had written a work, highly praised in the *Edinburgh Review*,\* on the *Coins of the Realm*. He had negotiated the Peace of Amiens as Foreign Secretary in the Addington Administration.† He had taken the lead in the House of Lords during the government of the Duke of Portland, and he held the seals of the War Department in the Perceval Ministry. He had not a spark of genius; but he was certainly no fool. His cabinet was formed on the basis of Catholic exclusion; yet it was in some respects a hopeful one for the Catholic cause. Its members were free to espouse that cause if they thought proper; and thus time and opportunity were given to men like Canning, Palmerston, and Plunket to work upon thoughtful minds, and prepare the nation for the eventful change of 1829. The long hold of religious intol-

\* January 1806.

† *Public Characters*, 1799-1800, "Lord Hawkesbury," p. 137.



ance on the public mind was loosened, and freedom of discussion in the ministerial ranks led to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act during the Wellington Administration. It was curious through the long period of Lord Liverpool's supremacy, and for some years previously, to see statesmen sitting on the same Treasury benches dispute in public on a question of vital importance, involving the political rights and interests of many millions of English subjects. It argued little for the moral and mental soundness of leading men when the Secretary for the Home Department denounced as perilous the concessions advocated by the Irish Attorney-General; when the Secretary for Foreign Affairs came to the House on crutches to plead for that people of Ireland which its Chief Secretary described as a rabid and rebellious horde; when the minister, in fine, who had carried the Union, declared, just before his elevation to the peerage, that Catholic Emancipation must pass sooner or later, and that the sooner it passed the better; while Eldon on the woolsack shuddered at the report of such rashness, and heard from afar, in dismal foreboding, "the tramp of seven millions of men."\* It does not redound to the honour or wisdom of the Lord Chancellor and the Premier that they allowed such golden opportunities of improvement as they possessed during their long tenure of office to pass by without even attempting to turn them to account. "Gattons and Old Sarums," says a frank writer of their own school, "accumulated by half-dozens in the hands of individuals, had become intolerable; and the continued refusal of members to such places as Manchester and Birmingham was not only a crime, but a blunder."† To rectify such evils would have cost no sacrifice of principle; but it happened strangely enough that members of the cabinet who were favourable to Catholic claims were often adverse to parliamentary reform. It was so with Castlereagh and Canning; nor was the House of Commons ever more surprised than when Plunket appeared as the defender of "the Manchester Massacre," and by one of his ablest speeches saved the ministry. His thunders (so thought his friends) blasted the wrong tree. "Had Lord Liverpool," says Mr. Gleig,‡ "begun to enfranchise populous places as often as small boroughs laid themselves open to disfranchisement, the country might have arrived, by degrees, at a state of things which would have obviated all risk of such a crisis as that of 1831-32. And to this, as well as to any measure calculated to effect a wise distribution of political

\* Hoey's *Memoir of Lord Plunket*, p. 19.

† *Blackwood's Magazine*, September 1860, p. 268.

‡ *Life of Wellington*, p. 624.

influence throughout the country, the Duke of Wellington would have rendered all the assistance in his power."\*

Canning did not for some time take part in Lord Liverpool's Administration. He was jealous of Lord Castlereagh, and wanted the leadership of the House of Commons;† but he accepted an embassy to Lisbon, and joined the ministry at a later period. He was certainly its brightest star in point of talent, and as he became Lord Liverpool's successor in 1827, I cannot do better than trace the current of his life from childhood downwards. It will float us past many striking incidents and remarkable persons with whom he was connected, and will end its course on the eve of Catholic Emancipation, when Wellington rose to the highest office in the state.

George Canning used to describe himself as "an Irishman born in London." His father had inherited the estate of Garvagh in Ireland, and descended from those Canynges of Bristol whom Chatterton and the muniment-room of St. Mary Redcliff have made famous. George Canning the father was a poet and politician, like George Canning the son. His life in London was full of reverses and trials; but he was consoled by a dutiful and affectionate wife, and died exactly one year after the birth of a son, of whom it was predicted, while yet a youth, that he would one day be England's Prime Minister. It was on the 11th of February 1770 that George was born; and if talent and misfortune have claims to respect, he had reason to be proud of his parents. Yet his political adversaries were mean enough in after years to taunt him with the lowness of his extraction; and to this he alluded admirably in a speech after the chairing at Liverpool in his forty-sixth year.‡ Mrs. Canning's widowhood did not last long. She took to the stage to avoid destitution; but Garrick, under whose auspices she made her *début*, was obliged to reduce her to inferior parts. Among the actors who surrounded her, she chose for her second husband one of the most fascinating and worthless. Little George's stepfather, Mr. Reddish, was at once a profligate, spendthrift, swindler, drunkard, and at last, as might have been expected, a maniac in an asylum. His death was a great relief to Mrs. Reddish, and enabled her to indulge once more her weakness for matrimony. Her third husband, Mr. Hunn, was a silk-mercator of Plymouth, who frequented the theatre very constantly, and there met with his bride. He was

\* See also speech of Canning on third night of debate on Reform Bill, March 1831.

† *Life of Wilberforce*, vol. iv. p. 34. *Edinburgh Review*, October 1858.

‡ June 12th, 1816.

even induced by her example to try the stage himself; but, making little impression on the public, he returned to his wares, and continued in mercantile pursuits till the day of his death. Mrs. Hunn died in Bath, in a good old age, in March 1827. She was in her eighty-first year, and had during the long period that elapsed from the death of her first husband, the joy of seeing her son George rise continually higher and higher, break "his birth's invidious bar," force his talents on the notice of mankind, reach at last "Fortune's crowning slope,"

"Mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne."<sup>\*</sup>

But Mrs. Hunn had a deeper joy still, and it consisted in this—that George never slighted her. "He made it a sacred rule to write to her every week, no matter what might be the pressure of private anxiety or public business."<sup>†</sup> He was as dutiful and loving to her as Thomas Moore was to his mother under circumstances not wholly dissimilar. His letters were her solace and delight, and she carried them with her wherever she went. In them he told her all—his pleasures, his vexations, his prospects and triumphs. At school, at college, in his embassy at Lisbon, during the toils of the Foreign Office, his heart unfolded itself to his mother, as the leaf turns towards its parent sun. When she was acting at Plymouth, he would leave his studies at Lincoln's Inn to visit her; and when she resided at Winchester, before settling finally in Bath, he would often quit the society of peers and senators, to sit beside old Mrs. Hunn, and to chat and walk with her and her lowly cousins through the streets and market-place of a county town. In 1801, when he retired from the office of Under Secretary of State, he accomplished his long-cherished purpose of withdrawing her from the stage, and requested that the pension of 500*l.* a year, to which he was entitled, might be settled on her. She had all the mental energy and conversational gifts which might be expected in the mother of so devoted and eminent a son.

When George was between seven and eight years old, and under the guardianship of Reddish, Moody the actor took compassion on him, and undertook to negotiate in his behalf with his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning. He assured him that the boy under such tutelage was on the high road to the gallows, and that his talents, which were above all question, would only contribute to his ruin. The uncle listened, and was persuaded. He would take charge of his nephew, on condition of all intercourse with his mother's connections

<sup>\*</sup> *In Memoriam*, lxiii.

<sup>†</sup> *Bell's Life of Canning*, p. 34.

being broken off. George was sent to Hyde Abbey School near Winchester, and in the holidays, in the house of his uncle, who was a wealthy banker, he frequently saw Burke, Fox, General Fitzpatrick, and Sheridan. By Fox's advice he was removed to Eton, where he was at once placed in the Remove as an Oppidan when between the years of twelve and thirteen. The boy became at once the father of the man. With refined taste and brilliant wit, he applied as diligently to study as if he had no genius to rely on. Thus his success was sure. In a debating society where the young Etonians mimicked the forms and oratory of parliament, George Canning often appeared as "the master bowman," cleaving the mark which the shafts of other bowmen missed. While at Eton, and in his sixteenth year, he supplied the largest share of the *Microcosm*, a weekly paper, which has passed through several editions. It was formed on the model of the *Spectator* and *Rambler*, and the copyright of it was sold to Mr. Charles Knight of Windsor on the day after it was discontinued for fifty guineas. The boyhood of the writers was scarcely discoverable from their essays, but political leanings here and there escaped. Canning's poem on "The Slavery of Greece," and his speeches in the debating society, gave decided proofs of his bias toward the politics of Sheridan and Fox. No periodical composed by boys has ever attracted more attention than the *Microcosm*, and it stands beside the Rowley poems and "Queen Mab" as a monument of precocious talent. At Oxford Canning fully realised the promise of his Eton days. His orations were applauded by everyone, and his "Iter ad Meccam" is called by one of his biographers "the best Latin prize-poem Oxford has ever produced." At Oxford, too, he formed many friendships which lasted through life. It was there he became intimate with Lord Liverpool, then the Hon. Mr. Jenkinson, with whom he was afterwards so nearly connected in political life. The Toryism of Oxford and of his new friends overgrew in some measure the Whiggism of his earlier days; but what overgrowth can wholly efface the first impressions of an ardent and thoughtful mind?

From Oxford Canning removed to chambers in Lincoln's Inn. One day—so runs the story—he received a mysterious note, stating that the writer, of whom he knew very little personally, would breakfast with him next morning, being desirous of having some confidential intercourse with him on a subject of great importance. The self-invited guest was none other than William Godwin, the author of that *Political Justice* which the young atheist Shelley took as his polar star. The object of his visit was to propose that Canning would accept the post of leader of "an oppressed people," exaspe-

rated by the "growing corruption and tyranny" of the government. They looked to him and to his shining abilities as to a standard-bearer under whom they might march to victory. Canning was staggered by the proposal. It threw him into a state of profound thought. It produced the very opposite effect to that which Godwin intended. It made him recoil from the desperate counsels of men given to change, and decided him on offering his services to Pitt as an adherent of his anti-Jacobin policy. It was the turning-point in his life; for though he had previously declined a seat in parliament, when it was offered him by the Duke of Portland, then leader of the Whigs, though he had refused to join the society of the Friends of the People, he had not yet taken any positive and decided step in a political direction. His interests lay clearly with the friends of his youth, with Fox and Sheridan, with Erskine and Curran, from whom in the day of their success he might hope to reap abundant reward; but in deserting them for the ranks of the Tory Ministry he followed an innate bias, and the promptings of sincere conviction. He well knew, moreover, that Pitt, in the midst of his severely repressive policy, had popular leanings and broader views than circumstances allowed him to develop. Alliance with the stronger and safer side suited the prudential character of his mind, while it seemed also to promise him scope for the indulgence of some of his liberal aims. It was not necessary for him to abandon the cause of mankind because he took arms against republicanism abroad and rebellion at home. He could unite with Pitt without any violent inconsistency—without abandoning, as Lord Castlereagh did, a party whose violence he had promoted—without appearing, like the young viscount, as the firebrand of "United Irishmen" on one side of the Channel,\* and then, on the other, performing suddenly a shameless somerset. No "patriots" and "martyrs," duped into rebellion in 1798, execrated the name of Canning, as they did that of Castlereagh, on their way to "the high gallows-tree."

The terms being settled between the Premier and the convert, a borough was soon placed at his disposal. He took his seat in 1793, as member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight. He was a great acquisition to Pitt, who often had to do all the fighting in the House himself. His opponents were picked men, more numerous and alert than any of his followers. Jenkinson, indeed, had plenty of common sense, and Huskisson was deep in commercial affairs, but Castlereagh was reckless and flippant; and a Canning was wanted to confront invective with argument, to roll classic periods, and hurl the scathing bolts of wit. Never did a policy need more expert

\* Bell's *Life of Canning*, p. 94.

defenders than that of Pitt. Popular as the war was, few people knew what we were fighting for. Burke would have it that we fought for the restoration of the Bourbons; this Pitt emphatically denied. Canning and Jenkinson declared that our object was the destruction of Jacobinism, and that the war was in fact a war against principles. When the Premier was hard-pressed he evaded this assertion of his allies, and contented himself always with affirming that we battled for peace—that the road to peace was war—that the olive-branch, in effect, flourished best on a drained exchequer and a field of carnage! But he was uniformly supported in the main by Canning, who beat the drums of war in reply to the humane Wilberforce, kept alive the fond hope of England invading France and storming Paris, and pleaded for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, as an “obvious necessity,” during a period of extravagant loyalty. But his Toryism, like his leader’s, was often ministerial rather than personal. He threw himself into the position of a party, without always adopting its ideas. To his presence there, together with Huskisson’s, may be ascribed in part the change in a liberal direction which has gradually come over the Tory policy, and in which Catholics especially have reason to rejoice. But for men like Canning, the Pitt traditions respecting Catholic Emancipation would have rotted in the dust, and the agitation of O’Connell would have terminated probably on the scaffold. Canning’s adhesion to Pitt was almost servile. He defended him for prosecuting Horne Tooke, in 1794, though he had himself taken Tooke’s line in 1782. It was proper, he said, to discuss reform in time of peace, improper to do so in time of war and tumult. If Mr. Pitt should return to his former opinion, it was probable that he should agree with him. This was hero-worship, indeed, such as might have satisfied a Carlyle. When he seconded the address in December 1794, he breathed so defiant a tone in reference to the war, that Wilberforce felt compelled to propose an amendment, and express, to Pitt’s deep regret, his distinct disapproval of the young tribune’s manifesto. He was rewarded, in 1795, for his fidelity to his master, and accepted the office of Under Secretary of State. During the two following years, Canning appeared seldom as a speaker in parliament. He was mainly immersed in the business of office.

While the cabinet was combating “French principles” with armies and fleets, Canning, for his part, assailed them with more rational and effective weapons. Cannon-balls could not destroy them, but ridicule might. State trials and riot-acts spread them wide, but drollery and satire exposed their weakness, and held up their absurdities to scorn. Hébert had taught Canning a lesson, and he profited by *Père Duchêne*. About three years after the author of

that infamous journal had expired on the scaffold,\* Canning and his friends started the *Anti-Jacobin*. It appeared weekly,† and differed from the scurrilous organ of the Cordeliers in that it ridiculed literary as well as political vices and fashions. It was edited by Mr. Gifford, but Canning was its soul. It eschewed the grossness, while it rivalled the fun and buffoonery of the Parisian model; and if many of its pages are disgraced by savage ribaldry, it is to other hands rather than Canning's that all the "dirty work" must be ascribed. Most of the pieces, however, were joint compositions; and the difficulty of assigning each, and the parts of each, to their respective authors, proves how harmoniously they worked together, and how strictly they kept the secrets of the workshop.‡ When Canning aimed at pathos, his success was but middling, as in his lines on the death of his son in 1820; but his satirical verses were first-rate.

In 1798 Canning took a new start as a public orator. His arguments spread over a wider field, his grasp was firmer, his diction more lofty and sustained. The ministry was pressed night after night with harassing motions adverse to the war. The French arms were victorious everywhere, and the income-tax filled up the measure of the people's endurance. Pitt was inclined to peace, though he would not avow it; but Lord Grenville, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, under whom Canning served, was, though a Whig, inflexible in his resolution to prosecute the war. Canning knew the bias of each, and leaned, as usual, to that of Pitt. But his position obliged him to defend the war, when it was least defensible, and to throw a veil over the differences in the cabinet. Tierney in December moved a resolution to the effect that the European Confederacy was virtually broken up, and that we could no longer carry on the war with any hope of driving France back within her ancient limits. A debt of 150,000,000*l.* had been incurred in six years, Ireland was in rebellion, the Habeas Corpus was suspended. It was frantic to persist. True, the Crown had the right to make war, but the Commons had the right to refuse supplies. Canning's reply was a master-piece of telling oratory. It was equally brilliant and specious. If we had heard it delivered we should no doubt have thought it sincere. But Time has lifted the curtain of the council-board, and we know that it was nothing more than the fencing of a gladiator. His private letters have revealed it all. The war, he said, was European; the peace must be European also. We could not retire from the conflict alone. We could not desert our allies without perfidy, nor abandon the hope

\* March 24th, 1794.

† The first No. November 20th, 1797.

‡ *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*. Edited by Charles Edmonds. *Edinburgh Review*, July 1858. *Cornhill Magazine*, January 1867.



of delivering Europe, through a mean and dastardly anxiety to deliver ourselves.

Canning spared no pains in preparing his great speeches. He was absorbed in them for two or three days beforehand. The "rapt oration flowing free," which he delivered so gracefully, and which appeared to be quite spontaneous, had been turned and twisted, polished and pointed, in his study, as though it were a prize poem. The matter was always arranged under distinct heads; and he often held the paper in his hand containing the topics on which he intended to touch; but the variety of his style, the transition from indirect quizzing to stabbing irony, the occasional but rare bursts of vehemence, and the happy allusions to recent remarks made by less gifted opponents, imparted to his replies a natural and impromptu air. He had a fine head, which was marked by high intellect; and Wilberforce said there was a lighting up of his features, and a comic play about the mouth, when the full force of the approaching witicism struck his own mind, which prepared his hearers for the burst which was to follow. They little knew what art was used in his oratory, nor that as many as 500 points were sometimes noted down by him as topics of a single speech.\*

It was not Canning's fault, any more than Pitt's, that Ireland was duped by the Union. He desired and even intended that it should be sealed by Catholic Emancipation. Yet he could scarcely venture to allude to this subject in any but the vaguest terms, through fear of exciting a storm of Protestant indignation from the Treasury benches. He did allude to it, however, in January and again in April 1799, and affirmed thirteen years after, in his speech on the Catholic claims, that "expectations had been held out, the disappointment of which involved the moral guilt of an absolute breach of faith."†

In 1801 Pitt resigned, on the pretext of attachment to the Catholic cause. Canning, his devoted follower, insisted on retiring with him; but he did so in opposition to the ex-premier's advice. He could not get at Pitt's motives for quitting office. Indeed, the great man kept his own secret so well, that posterity is not much wiser than Mr. Canning as to *why* he gave place to "the Doctor." Perhaps he wished that state apothecary to compound the medicine he was ashamed to administer himself—the Peace of Amiens. It is hard to suppose that he cared much about Catholics, or he would not have flung them over so lightly three years later, when he returned to power. If he had insisted on their claims in 1801, the

\* Stapleton's *Life of Canning*. *Nugæ Criticæ*, p. 403.

† Speech on Lord Morpeth's motion, February 3d, 1812.

King must have yielded, and owned that his coronation oath, if broken at all, was more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Mr. Canning withdrew from the ministry; but he carried with him into retirement a real treasure. Miss Scott, whom he had married a few months before, was daughter of General Scott, and co-heiress with her sister Lady Titchfield, afterwards Duchess of Portland. Her father, an eccentric man, had provided in his will that if either of his two daughters should marry a nobleman, her moiety of 200,000*l.* should fall to the other. But Joan, the younger, refused to profit by this arbitrary arrangement. She insisted on the legacy being equally divided, though her sister had been so naughty as to fall in love with a marquis. The transaction was creditable to both; and Canning's house at 37 Conduit-street, and his villa at South-hill, were gladdened by the presence of a bride whose devotion to him knew no limit and no decay. He deserved this reward; for his youth had been unsullied, and he preferred the quiet of his own fireside to the excitement of banquets and ball-rooms. His great business, when out of office, was to bring back Pitt. In the House and out of the House he ridiculed the feeble Addington, who, as "The Grand Consultation" has it, was "*doctoring* old England to death." Sheridan too was always at him. "Doctor, the Thanes fly from thee!" he cried, stretching across the table, when some Scotch members deserted the government. The House was convulsed; nor did they laugh less when he parodied Martial with, "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell," and the rest of the couplets. But Addington was strong at Windsor, though weak at St. Stephen's. He held on in the King's name, though his enemies, like raging seas, were eager to engulf him. At last he sank, though not before asking Pitt to give him a helping hand. Pitt took the helm, and Canning stepped on board. But the ship was poorly manned. Where was Fox? The King would not have him, and Lord Grenville refused to wear the uniform without him. So Canning became Treasurer of the Navy, and was soon to be brought into the cabinet. But things were not going on well. Pitt's health and spirits declined, and he died of old age, as Lord Malmesbury said,\* at forty-six.

Canning could make no terms with Pitt's successor; nor, while such talent as his was withheld from Fox's Cabinet, could it, as Fox very properly observed, be justly styled "*all* the talents." "I was devoted," he said, "to one man, while he lived, with all my heart and all my soul. Since the death of Mr. Pitt, I acknowledge no leader: my political allegiance lies buried in his grave."† His opposition to Fox and the Grenvilles was unceasing, and sometimes

\* *Diaries*, iv. 346.

† Speech at Liverpool, 1812.

sadly embittered with the spirit of party. He even went so far as to censure one of Fox's noblest acts—his communicating to Talleyrand the fact of a plot having been contrived to assassinate the First Consul. Fox was personally known to Buonaparte; he had waited on him at the Tuileries during the short Peace of Amiens; and to have kept in his own bosom the secret of assassins would have been to make himself a partner in their crime. But Canning was possessed by a principle fatal to political integrity. He held adhesion to a party as a paramount duty, and choked the utterance of his own most sacred convictions lest, by expressing them, he should strengthen the hands of his enemies. He gave Fox the feeblest possible support on a question in which he heartily agreed with him—that of the hateful slave-trade. But he had by his speeches in 1799 so powerfully seconded the untiring efforts of Wilberforce in and out of season, that the echoes of his eloquence on that topic still rung in members' ears, and mingled in their memories with Cowper's "Negro's Complaint."

Our fathers tell us that, in the beginning of this century, elderly people used to inquire of children, "Well, are you for Pitt or Fox?" The names of the two leaders divided the whole of society into two classes. They were not so much Whigs and Tories—the advocates of two sets of principles—as the followers, one might almost say worshippers, of two men. When both had departed—when Fox had breathed his last in the very same chamber at Chiswick where Canning was to expire twenty-one years afterwards—parties were broken up, and able men on either side had full scope for forming new combinations. It were to be wished that Canning had consorted with nobler spirits than Sidmouth and Perceval, and that he, who saw more clearly than others the expediency of Catholic Emancipation, had not allowed himself to be lifted into office on the No Popery tide.\* Lord Malmesbury had said of him that he was "very clever, and very essential to Government, but hardly yet a statesman." In spite of this opinion, however, he recommended him to choose the Foreign Office rather than the Admiralty, when the Duke of Portland offered him his choice of either. He had no cause to regret the advice he gave. At a singularly trying period, Canning displayed the utmost promptitude, judgment, and skill. The Czar and the French Emperor had divided Europe between them, at the Treaty of Tilsit in July 1807. Darker deeds had been wrought in the imperial pavilion on the raft on the Niemen than even the Cabinets of Europe were aware of. Secret articles were added to the treaty, and by one of these, revealed at a later period, it was

\* See *Letters of Peter Plymley*.

agreed to combine all the European fleets, including those of Denmark and Portugal, against the British navy. But the English ministry received private intelligence of Napoleon's design, and insisted in vain on Denmark's alliance or neutrality. In August our fleet appeared in the Sound, bombarded Copenhagen, captured the whole Danish navy, and brought it into Portsmouth harbour. The Opposition stormed; Canning explained; and on being asked to produce the secret articles in the treaty by which he defended himself, and the existence of which the French Government denied, he declared that he and his colleagues "would never suffer the secret of their information to be torn from their bosoms." Many years elapsed before it came to light. The *Memoirs of Fouché*, which appeared in 1824, mentioned "the secret stipulations of Tilsit, by virtue of which the Danish fleet was to be placed at the disposal of France." His family, it is true, have declared that these memoirs of the ex-minister of police are spurious; but since their publication it has been discovered that the Regent of Portugal communicated the Emperor's design to the Prince of Wales, and the Prince to the Duke of Portland in May 1807. Napoleon was furious at being outwitted by Canning; but it was not the last time that he had to acknowledge with grief that statesman's sagacity. He thought it his paramount duty to resist Buonaparte, and Spain occupied by Sir Arthur Wellesley seemed to offer the fairest field for resistance. The French had poured down from the Pyrenees, plundered the state coffers, sacked the towns, kidnapped the royal family, and usurped the government. The patriotism of Spain was aroused, and the aid of British arms under such a general was welcomed with joy.

But if Sir Arthur Wellesley did honour to Canning, and more than realised the hopes formed of his prowess, Lord Castlereagh was a thorn in the Foreign Minister's side, the reproach of his party, and the calamity of England. Not content with incurring two charges of corruption brought against him in the House of Commons, from which his colleagues had great difficulty in extricating him, he must needs embroil them in one of the most stupid and disastrous expeditions in the history of British arms. A fleet of four or five hundred pendants, with 40,000 men on board, was sent in July 1809 to reduce Flushing, capture the French ships of war in the Scheldt, and destroy their dockyards and arsenals. Lord Chatham, who had no knowledge of military affairs, commanded the army, which took Walcheren, while Flushing surrendered to the fleet. But in taking Walcheren the troops took the fever also which haunts its dreary swamps. Month after month passed, and

no orders were given for evacuating the plague-stricken spot. Antwerp was left to the enemy, and no effort was made to advance up the river. But by the end of August the earl was tired of waiting, and returned quietly home. Two hundred men a day were then falling sick of the distemper; yet there they remained, clinging hard to Flushing without any conceivable object, despairing, moaning, frenzied, dying, till by the end of the year eight or nine thousand of them had perished, and two or three millions of money had been flung into the sea. Canning had all along protested against Lord Castlereagh's incompetence in the War Department, and when this fact was made known to his lordship he sent his resignation to the King and a challenge to Mr. Canning. Why the Minister for Foreign Affairs should be challenged for doing his duty no one could conceive, and still less why he should commit the double crime of suicide and murder as a penalty for having done his duty. Yet so it was. Castlereagh was so wicked, and Canning so weak, as to meet on Putney Heath on the 21st of September 1809, in sight of the house where Pitt expired, and there do their best to put each other to death. They both fired, once and again; nor was honour satisfied on either side till streaming blood and a ball in Canning's thigh closed the contest. On the 11th of the next month he resigned the seals of his office, and the Duke of Portland retired with his laudanum-bottle from public life. The Portland Administration was broken up, recast, and moulded anew by Mr. Perceval's plastic hand.

During the years 1810 and 1811 Canning's voice was not often heard in parliament. As Walpole had his Houghton, Pelham his Esher, Chatham his Hayes, Fox his St. Ann's Hill, and Pitt his Holwood, so Canning also felt

"A distant dearness in the hill,  
A secret sweetness in the stream,"

and delighted to gather his choicest friends around him in the green and sunny seclusion of Gloucester Lodge. Even the amusements there had an intellectual character, and ministers, ambassadors, and members of parliament were often seen playing with their host after dinner at "Twenty Questions." Men of genius were always welcome at his table, and had no reason to complain of him, as so many had complained of Walpole and Pitt, that he was but a lukewarm patron of literary merit. He liberally supported the Literary Fund and the Royal Institution of Liverpool. He was one of the forty members of the club founded by Johnson and Reynolds. He did his best to get an appointment in the East India Company for

James Mill, the historian of India, although he was notorious as a Reformer; and he interested King George III. in behalf of a son of Sir Walter Scott, when the great Magician of the North was half ruined by his publishers. He gave the first impulse to the *Quarterly Review*, and contributed to it together with Gifford and Heber, Malthus, Mathias, and the Ellises. Scandal was never busy with his name, and, unlike Pitt and Fox, he observed habitually the duties of his religion. Wilberforce was highly gratified by the religious habits of his household, and the allusion to "Christ's pardoning blood," in the lines on the death of his son, seem to prove his belief in the central doctrine of Christianity. Though he usually supported the Perceval Ministry, he was entirely opposed to them on the currency question; and his speech on the Report of the Bullion Committee, in which he pleaded the claims of gold *versus* paper, is in itself a complete refutation of Sydney Smith's sarcastic description of him. He was never more unfair than when he said that Canning was "eminently deficient in solid and serious qualities," that "Providence had made him a light, jesting, paragraph-writing man, and that such he would remain to his dying day." Of course statesmen who write pasquinades and parodies, such as Canning wrote upon the German drama, must expect to make enemies; and we cannot feel surprised at Niebuhr's criticisms on him\* being almost as captious and crabbed as those of the witty Canon of St. Paul's. Before Mr. Perceval's death Canning seized an opportunity in February 1812 of delivering a speech on Catholic Emancipation, in which he developed the ideas of Pitt in a very precise and luminous manner. He refused, as I have said before, to accept office under Lord Liverpool if the Catholic question was to be shelved; but when it was agreed that each member of the cabinet should vote as he pleased on that matter, Canning accepted an embassy to Lisbon. The change of air and climate was likely to benefit his son's health; and the hardship of serving under Lord Castlereagh, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, with whom he had the deadly encounter on Putney Heath, was softened down by an annual allowance of 14,000*l*. His trip to Portugal in 1814 was soon over, and he returned to vindicate in person on the boards of the House his right to act independently of precedent and party. Though Sydney Smith did say that he could bring up nothing solid from the shining shallows of his mind, he created a new and middle party, incongruous, no doubt, in its elements, yet clear of several old prejudices, both Whig and Tory. It disjoined things which generally go together—resisted Reform, but cried up Free Trade

\* *Geschichte des Zeitalters der Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 242.

and Catholic Emancipation. It was a glaring inconsistency, repressing freedom on this side of Saint George's Channel, and reviving its hopes on the other. It was not so bad but that it might have been worse, nor so good but that it might have been much better. It made the legacy of taxation bequeathed by the war more onerous by refusing to redress any grievances, and making it penal to complain of them. It magnified discontent into sedition, and sent spies through the country to create disturbances in order that the government might inspire terror by repressing them.\* It made capital out of the Cato-street conspiracy; and the trial of Thistlewood and his associates for their absurd scheme of putting the ministers to death was speedily followed by an effort on the part of the Duke of Wellington to organise immediately the whole of the militia of the United Kingdom as a precaution against further outbreaks.† In conjunction with the rulers this party enacted measures of coercion deplorably severe; and on the 9th of August 1819 charged with a band of yeomanry into a peaceable assemblage of 60,000 or 80,000 persons in Peterloo, near Manchester, trampling and hewing on all sides, till about 400 men, women, and children were killed, wounded, or otherwise injured. Mr. Hunt, who had called the meeting, was arrested on a charge of high treason, released, and carried through Manchester in triumph. The government of course found defenders of this reckless outrage,‡ and it is to be regretted that Canning and Plunket were among them. The former had, soon after his return from Lisbon, been made President of the Board of Control, and the ministers found in him one of their ablest allies when they fought with unarmed multitudes and passed their six famous coercion acts.

But Canning and Plunket remained true to the Catholic cause, though the Prince Regent, far from being inclined towards it through his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, appeared to be more than ever hostile to it after her dismissal.§ It is difficult to say too much ill of that heartless voluptuary. His vices and selfishness inclined many persons towards Queen Caroline, who would otherwise have cared very little about her. Canning knew her in the days of her innocent indiscretion. He felt that she might have been respectable at least in her exalted position. He knew how, even before her wedding-day, her feelings, and principles also, if she had any, were

\* Gilchrist's *Life of Lord Palmerston*, pp. 60, 65.

† Pellew's *Life of Lord Sidmouth*, iii. 326. Bell's *Life of Canning*, p. 300.

‡ "This outrageous scene." Rev. T. Flanagan's *English and Irish History*, p. 877. Mr. J. C. Hoey's *Notes on Plunket's Speeches*, p. 162.

§ Sir S. Romilly's *Memoirs*, ii. 152.



outraged by the Prince's brutal behaviour.\* He strove to the utmost to keep the unhappy Princess within the bounds of decorum; and when he found, to his regret, that his counsels were disregarded, he still refused to take any part against her. When she returned to England after her residence abroad, he tried to bring about an arrangement and induce her to quit the country with an allowance of 50,000*l.* a year. When she refused and was brought to trial, he resigned his place in the ministry, rather than share in the proceedings against her. In December 1820 he left the Board of Control vacant, and in the following year Caroline of Brunswick, who insisted on presenting herself at the abbey-gates to be crowned with George IV., died of chagrin and excitement at being repulsed by the guard.†

But Canning was too great a card not to be played again soon. True he had lost the King's countenance, because he would not prosecute, or rather persecute, the Queen. But Lord Liverpool plainly told his majesty that he could not carry on the government without him; and though he had in the mean time been appointed Governor-General of India, though many Tories were rejoicing at the prospect of his departure because he spoke for Emancipation and Free Trade, and many Reformers wished him beyond the seas because he defended rotten boroughs, the people generally admired and respected him; and the ministry—divided as they were on many points, and agreeing only in hostility to Reform—were fain to receive him among them as Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the place of Lord Castlereagh (then Marquis of Londonderry), on the 16th of September 1822.‡ He was on his way to Liverpool to take leave of his constituents, when he heard the news of that minister's ghastly suicide at North Cray, in Kent. Nowhere was he met with such ovations as in Liverpool; nowhere did a more enthusiastic crowd of admirers gather round him. Liverpool was to him what Bristol was to Burke; and it is not without interest to us to remember that he usually stayed with his friend Mr. Gladstone, at Seaforth House, where he could look out on the broad expanse of waters, and see little William, now the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, playing on the beach.

\* Lady Charlotte Bury, *Diary of the Times of George IV.*, i. 37.

† See *Edinburgh Review*, January 1859, and Lord Holland's *Memoirs of the Whig Party*, vol. ii.

‡ Stapleton's *Life of Canning*, i. 131.

## Scenes from a Missionary Journey in South America.



### II.—RIO DE JANEIRO, SANTA CATHARINA, RIO GRANDE, PORTO ALEGRE.

FROM Bahia to Rio de Janeiro is a navigation by steam of seventy-five or eighty hours, about 250 leagues. We saw the lighthouse which the Brazilian government has had recently erected on the famous Abrolhos (that is, "Open your eyes"), a dangerous group of low rocky islets lying right in the way of coasting vessels, and against which, in former days, many perished annually. On Good Friday, in the morning, the 3d of April, we doubled Cape Frio, twenty-two leagues E.N.E. of Rio, and then altered our course to the westward. About midday we discovered the beautiful mountains which encircle the capital of the Brazilian empire, which is always styled *a corte*, the court. Much has been said and written of the singular magnificence of the bay of Rio, and certainly without exaggeration. It would be difficult to imagine a more admirable re-union of all the splendours of tropical nature. The "Sugar-Loaf," *Pão de Assucar*, a bold pyramidal mountain, two or three thousand feet in height, emerges from the waves on the left, and stands as a frowning sentinel at the very mouth of the harbour. Behind it the lofty Corcovado rises majestically above the clouds, a prostrate giant in form, looking down with proud disdain on the minor summits which surround it. On the right, picturesque mountains and solitary vales, still covered with virgin vegetation, enframe one of the fairest pictures of the world. Two fortresses defend the entrance of the island-dotted harbour, which stretches away forty miles or more amidst the mountain recesses—the fort of Santa Cruz and fort Villegaignon. The city spreads its white buildings away on the left above the Bay of Botafogo; while on the other side, at six or eight miles' distance, gaily bask on the sunny shore the bright-walled villas of Niterohy.

The Magdalena cast anchor in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro at four in the afternoon, and every one in great bustle prepared to land. I had to announce to an honourable family of Rio the melan-

choly news of the recent death in Europe of a near relative. On landing I hired a carriage, which quickly conveyed me three miles or so out of the city to the house of *Señhora Dona* —, who forgot her grief for the loss of a cherished daughter in the ready and attentive hospitality which she offered me. I had known that lady in Europe some years before, and had received from her family all kinds of good offices and tokens of friendship. One of her sons placed the family carriage at my disposal, and accompanied me after dinner to see the torchlight procession of the *Enterro do Senhor*, that is, the Burial of the Lord, which takes place in Rio and most other Brazilian cities on Good Friday. The procession formed at about eight o'clock p.m., in the church of *Nossa Senhora do Carmo*, and perambulated for three or four hours the principal streets of the city. It was headed by a large black cross without a figure, and two candles, and announced some way in front by a boy whirling a rattle; for all church and other bells are silent on Good Friday. Then came a long double file of members of the various *irmandades*, or sodalities, clad in silken capes of divers colours, and carrying large waxen torches. Each *irmão*, or brother, led by the hand an *anjinho*, or "little angel"—that is, a little girl of five or six years of age, superbly dressed in the richest spangled satins and velvets, and crowned with flowers. The first families in the country vie with each other in sending their children to this and other festas, and exhibit a profusion of diamonds and jewels. I was assured that some of these children carried about them pearls and precious stones of the value of thousands of pounds. The stomachers and tiaras of some of them shone with dazzling brilliancy in the glare of the torches. This, methought, would scarcely do in our English towns, and doubtless would afford the London Bedouins a plentiful harvest. Then came a shrine gorgeously decorated with gold and scarlet velvet, and bearing under a canopy a recumbent figure, as large as life, of the dead Saviour. It was surrounded by a number of the clergy singing psalms, and an immense quantity of flaring torches. At a little distance behind came, enthroned and carried on the shoulders of a dozen men, a life-sized statue, richly apparelled and glowing with jewels, of Our Lady of Compassion, whose features bore, like our quaint Middle Age religious effigies, a wonderfully life-like appearance and an expression of the most intense sorrow. A little way in advance of this statue walked alone in the middle a most sumptuously-dressed *señhora*, crowned with roses, and whose richly-embroidered mantilla sparkled with diamonds. Now and again the procession stopped, and the *señhora* mounted a stool carried alongside of her by a boy; then, unrolling before her a large

frameless picture of the *Ecce Homo*, she sang in a high plaintive tone the words of the Lamentations of Jeremias, *O vos omnes*, &c. : "O, all ye who pass by the way, attend and see if there is a sorrow like unto my sorrow!" The procession was closed by a regiment or two of soldiers, marching with muffled drums and arms reversed. This ceremony witnesses at all events to the deep faith and piety of other days.

Much is to be done which at present seems impracticable, before the true spirit of religion revives in a country where Pombalism has reigned supreme for more than a century, and new fetters are every day\* imposed upon the Church. It could scarcely be otherwise where, with few exceptions, every youth and man throughout the whole empire is a Freemason; and that subversive society is in South America, what it is well known to be in Europe (excepting perhaps England), a conspiracy against Christ and monarchical institutions. Would it be believed that in an empire claiming to be Christian and civilised, and yet containing amidst its unexplored forests many thousands of poor Indians who to this day have never yet heard the name of Christ, the state puts all manner of stupid shackles upon missionary zeal, and has only recently, after sixteen years' fruitless negotiations with the Holy See, consented to admit some Capuchin Fathers, alone, to go and preach the faith in the Indian missions? There are, indeed, certain government officers called *Protectores dos Indios*, whose supposed functions are to watch over the interests of the Indians, and to see that they are properly instructed in the Christian doctrine; there is voted every year a large sum of money in the budget for the Indian missions; but nothing is done, and the money, if paid at all out of the treasury, finds its way into the pockets of the officials, most of whom are surmised to be gross and habitual peculators. In spite, however, of all prohibitions and difficulties, a few Jesuit and other missionaries have again penetrated into the distant forests in search of souls, to whose salvation they devote their labours, privations, and their very lives, unappreciated save by God and His blessed angels.†

\* While I was writing these lines, the Marquez de Olinda, the Minister for Home Affairs, issued a circular, dated April 22, 1863, to the Brazilian bishops, informing them of new restrictions laid by the government on the clerical education of the candidates for the priesthood in the episcopal seminaries. The state pretended by these new rules, *inter alia*, to select the text-books, even theological, to be exclusively used by the students; took away from the bishops the faculty of choosing and dismissing the professors without the assent and concurrence of the government, &c. &c.

† Would it be credited that in Paraguay, which in the last two centuries astonished the world by the miraculous success of its missionary enterprise,

Rio de Janeiro is one of the great commercial cities of the world, and has, it is said, a population of 350,000 souls. I think this number is greatly exaggerated, however. Its situation would be one of the most healthy and delightful imaginable, if a large and the busiest part of the city were not squeezed up in a narrow valley, devoid of slope for the riddance of rain-water and sewer impurities. This is not a small drawback in a country where it often rains in floods—a *cántaros*, as they say, pitchers-full. The streets are in general narrow, ill-paved, and not cleanly kept. It may be judged from this circumstance what kind of atmosphere the inhabitants must inhale in the summer months. It appears that filth of every kind may be thrown with impunity into the streets—or, if forbidden, this is constantly done; the middle causeway gutters are ever filled with fetid black mire. Private houses and their courtyards, even those of the rich, are not generally kept clean; and this is in great measure to be ascribed to the filthy and careless habits of the blacks, and of course also to the negligence of the *fiscães*, or curators of the public health.

I greatly wondered, at first, at the strange familiarity with which masters and mistresses of families allow themselves to be treated by the young negroes of both sexes. These *molèques* and little darkies are to be seen entering the drawing-rooms and bed-rooms of their masters at all hours, and unbidden, pull tongues and make faces at them, fumble in their pockets for stray *vintems*, and play other similar tricks. But then the masters are at times, though upon the whole very rarely, fearfully cruel and savage in chastising their slaves. I have seen them striking the wretches with heavy whips, logs of wood, or any thing that came to hand in the first outburst of their passionate fury. These poor fellows, however, do not seem to have a very keen sentiment of their degraded state. They are for the most part a happy, merry set, and uncommon chatterboxes. They consider their masters as beings of a superior order; and every morning, on meeting them for the first time, they kiss their hands and beg a *benção*, or blessing.

After clearing my luggage at the Custom House—where I had occasion to learn a first-rate lesson of patience, for almost the first word one hears from a Brazilian official is “*Tenha paciência, sei-*

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the government of Lopez, until very recently, absolutely prohibited all intercourse with Rome on the part of bishop, clergy, and missionaries; that is, would fain compel all ministers of God to become apostates? Monsignore Eyzaguirre, a Chileno prelate from Santiago, was prevented from celebrating Mass in the Cathedral of Asunción, because he had not previously asked leave of the tyrant Lopez to do so.

hor" (Have patience, sir)—I repaired to the *Sancta Casa da Misericordia*, the holy house of mercy or city hospital, to present to the Rev. Mother Superior of the Grey sisters a letter of introduction given me by a friend in Paris, Captain —, who some years ago commanded the French frigate *Alceste* on the Rio station. This good nun, a member of the illustrious house of Armagnac, received me with every attention, and presented me to the Lazarist fathers who serve that great hospital. On the next day, which was Easter Sunday, I had the happiness of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice in the chapel of the house, which was most gorgeously decorated with gold and flowers. To praise the admirable sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who devote themselves night and day in this vast establishment, and in such a climate, to the service of 1500 sick, would be superfluous. In going along one of the seemingly endless passages of the immense building, I encountered a sister whom, by her fair complexion and blue eyes, I deemed to be an Irishwoman. I was not mistaken: she was a county Galway woman; and the poor nun's delight at the sight of an English-speaking priest was very great. It was a long time, she said, since she had heard the voice of a genuine "soggartharoon," barring good Father Tilbury's, whom she very seldom saw, as he was so old and infirm.\* "But, good sister," said I, "these worthy French priests, whom you see every day, can well supply the place of those at home." But of course they did not speak English or Irish, and that made a great difference. These devoted men were five in number. As we entered their little enclosure, on our way into the house, we were deafened by the hullabaloo of negroes and the shrieking of pigs in the back yard. Some of these, it appears, were undergoing their final and probably their only trial since they were born,—they were being sacrificed to furnish the household Easter feast. "Do you hear?" said a dry-featured Father; "this is the first sensible thing these 'philosophers' have ever uttered!"

I paid another visit in the afternoon to the *Sancta Casa*, and greatly admired the exquisite order and cleanliness of the immense hospital, and the tender and assiduous care lavished on the poor patients. "What a difference," thought I, "between these nuns and the pauper nurses of our English workhouses!" There are, however, in all hospitals especial inconveniences which no care or ingenuity can prevent or remove, and in Brazilian hospitals the

\* The Rev. Mr. Tilbury, an English priest, formerly tutor to the present Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro II., died greatly beloved in Rio de Janeiro at the end of 1863, at an advanced age, and bequeathed his little property to St. Edmund's College, of which he was a former pupil.

great nuisance is the plague of flies. Never had I seen such countless armies of them; and to behold the like, one must go to the great *xarqueédas*, or shambles, of Pelotas, or the Lagôa Mirim. The poor sick must be dreadfully incommoded by them. The Mother Superior told me that she tried one day to destroy them by means of a deadly sirup of her own invention, which she placed in one room only as an experiment. One hour afterwards she gave up the attempt as utterly hopeless; and on *weighing* the dead flies, she found she had killed three pounds of them! One cannot indeed imagine the extraordinary abundance of troublesome insects, large and small, to be found every where in Brazil, and especially near marshes and rivers. They give a great deal of annoyance to new comers into the country. The first few days after my arrival, I had my face and hands covered with pustules, which caused great itching and irritation of the blood. I don't know if there is any thing peculiarly attractive to the bite of insects in the epidermis of a Scotchman; certain it is, that some north-country youths on their way to Buenos Ayres, after spending a night at Rio, were frightful to behold—absolutely unrecognisable; while the English were but little stung. This difference caused afterwards no small merriment on board, at the expense of the tender-skinned natives of the land of cakes.

I left Rio de Janeiro on my way southwards on the 8th of April, and took a passage for São Pedro do Rio Grande on board the steamer *Apa*, belonging to a Brazilian company, a Clyde-built vessel of twelve or fourteen hundred tons burden. If I had enjoyed the cleanness, order, and conveniences of the good ship *Magdalena*, as well as the politeness of her captain and officers, I found something very different from both on board this unhappy vessel, in spite of the frightfully high charges I had to pay. It was 3 P.M. when we sailed; but many of the passengers as well as myself had not been able to eat any thing since the morning, as we had been told at the office to get on board several hours before with our luggage, and of course expected the usual four-o'clock dinner. When we had fairly cleared the harbour, one of us asked the chief officer when dinner was to be. "*Não se janta hoje*," was his curt reply ('There is no dinner to-day'). There was of course a loud outcry. After much expostulation all we could obtain was some sea-biscuit and a few bottles of beer. This was annoyance number one; and plenty more followed in due course: we had greatly to suffer from filth and want of space and ventilation, as well as from the rudeness and dishonesty of the wretch of a captain. He was an old pirate, they said,



who had formerly carried on the slave-trade;\* and there doubtless he had learnt the polite manners he displayed towards us. He was an exquisite fop withal; and it was laughable to behold the complacency with which he continually surveyed the shape of his legs and the high polish of his patent-leather boots. He was a man of some fifty years of age, of sinister aspect and few words; his voice was a cross between the grinding of the corn-crake and the snap of a policeman's rattle: he was, in fact, the *beau idéal* of a buccaneer. Our sufferings under this precious Adonis lasted ten days. In spite of the exorbitant fare I had paid for a cabin passage—16*l.* sterling—I was banished to a miserable hole below the water-line, on the lower deck, where I was poisoned by the effluvia of the bilge-water, and devoured alive by bugs.

We put up for a short time in the island of Sancta Catharina, which has been called, and I think justly so, the Paradise of Brazil; it is a site of incomparable beauty. Its splendid double bay, perfectly land-locked and secure against every wind that blows, would contain all the ships of the world; but I was told it lacked depth in many parts. I never saw any spot which so truly realised my imagination of what fairyland might be. Most places I had seen in my life, after hearing or reading of their loveliness, fell short of the picture my fancy had conjured up; not this, which surpasses in its accumulated beauties every scene that can be conceived. The island, which is a few leagues in diameter and a yet almost absolute wilderness, is dovetailed into a deep recess of the continental coast, and separated from it by a strait, varying in width from three leagues to three hundred yards. The little town of Desterro—that is, place of exile—a name given it by some banished colonists of former days—faces the bay and the opposite coast to the westward. It is charmingly situated in the seaward opening of a narrow valley, bounded on three sides by lofty hills, and it nestles amid groves of palm-trees and an abundance of luxuriant tropical vegetation. Like most Brazilian towns, it looks better at a distance than near. It is the small capital of the smallest province of the vast Brazilian empire; and I should say from its size would not contain more than three or four thousand inhabitants. There are two or three churches, a hospital, barracks, and a few good houses. The streets are tolerably clean, and the market well supplied, especially with fish and a species of gigantic prawn, sold at fabulously low prices. The opposite coast is deeply indented, and mountainous. The richness of vegetation is marvellous: as the

\* I heard that the government had given him the rank of lieutenant in the navy, and the command of this coasting steamer, in order to effectually prevent his further carrying on the slave-trade.

delighted eye plunges into its smiling valleys and sombre glens, imagination frames all kinds of sweet pictures of primitive and pastoral life; one cannot but revert to the contrast between these pure and heavenly scenes, and the back slums of our great cities of Europe. If there is such an amount of moral and physical misery in such places, what has Providence to do with it? In these distant flowery vales there is room and air and sunshine enough, and food besides, for ten hundred times the poor creatures who rot alive in the putrid streets of London or Dublin, Liverpool or Glasgow.

Of late years several colonies of German emigrants have settled in the glens of the continental coast of Sancta Catharina, where they labour busily and successfully in the cultivation of the land. The settlers, however, have not been able to penetrate above a few leagues into the interior, as the impassable mountain forests are still the abode of various tribes of fierce Botacudo Indians, who give the white man no quarter. At the beginning of this year (1864), happening to be again at Desterro, I met with a Jesuit Missionary, F. R., who was negotiating with the Provincial Assembly the establishment of a mission among these very Botacudos,\* as well as the foundation of a college for the youth of the province. Both he and I had misgivings with regard to the success of the negotiations, owing chiefly to the prejudices still so common there as elsewhere respecting the Jesuits.

There is not much trade carried on at Sancta Catharina, though its admirable situation makes it not surprising that the English should have coveted it, and offered to purchase it, for it is an excellent place of call and refreshment for all ships homeward bound from the Pacific Ocean, Australia, or New Zealand. The Brazilians, little confiding in British honesty, and dreading lest the difficulties which had lately sprung up between the two governments might induce the English to seize upon Sancta Catharina, had sent thither at the time of my first visit a garrison of a thousand men. But what soldiers! Mostly blacks, and made up of all kinds of criminals and *mauvais sujets*, ignorant, unintelligent, badly fed, worse clothed and equipped; they would, I think, make but a poor resistance, if any at all, to a regular invading European force. No white man would readily serve in the Brazilian army, except as an officer, seeing its organisation and the little esteem in which it is held. The true safety of the empire of Brazil lies in its vastness and impenetrable forests; and

\* Visitors of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham must have noticed some figures of these Botacudo Indians, represented as fighting with jagged spears, and having flat disks of wood (made of the cactus, *agave Americana*) inserted into the lower lip and the lobes of the ears.

the government ought, if it would listen to wise counsels, to devote to the great work of internal development and European immigration and colonisation the sums which it annually wastes upon an inefficient and useless army.

I was welcomed with the greatest cordiality at Sancta Catharina by two French Lazarist Fathers, who, together with a dozen Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, serve the hospital of Desterro.\* The superior, F. P., had the goodness to make with me a short excursion amid the neighbouring woods and mountains, where I gathered some choice wild flowers (among others the bright gold verben), and enjoyed the most lovely prospects. These good Fathers accompanied me when I went on board again, and I shall long preserve the remembrance of their affectionate welcome.

We had four more days' navigation in order to reach Rio Grande. This coast is held to be very dangerous on account of its moving sands, and the occasional violence of the Pampero, or south-westerly wind. It was here that three years ago the ship Prince of Wales was wrecked, and became the cause of the misunderstanding between England and Brazil. We had, however, the happy chance of a serene and prosperous passage; it was the lulling season preceding the winter storms. The port of São Pedro do Rio Grande is obstructed by an ever-shifting sandy bar, which makes its access costly and difficult, except for small flat-bottomed vessels. A rich *estanciero* whom I met afterwards, the Baron de Piratinim, told me that five-and-twenty years ago one of his vessels, coming from Hamburg with a cargo of hardware, was detained off the bar for eighty-five days, and could only get in at last by throwing half the cargo overboard. Now of course such delays and losses are no longer possible, as steam-tugs are ever in readiness to tow vessels in, regardless of wind or tide. Our captain took a malicious pleasure in tormenting the passengers by anticipations of all kinds of mishaps as we neared the formidable bar; but the pilots whom we had brought from St. Catharine, encouraged by signals from the land, thought they would try to cross it, and happily succeeded. We entered the channel—which is misnamed Rio Grande, the Great River—at nightfall. This pass was mistaken by the early navigators for the mouth of a great stream; but it is only the issuing into the ocean of the waters of an interior lagoon of considerable extent, called the Lagoa dos Patos or Duck Lake, sixty or seventy leagues in length, by ten or twelve in the broadest parts. It was quite dark when we landed. I went to take

\* I was much pained to learn that the Fathers and Sisters have since left, through the unworthy parsimony of the Assembly, which refused them the necessary funds for their support.

up my quarters at the Hôtel Moreau, kept by a Frenchman, as indeed very many of the hotels in the coast towns of Brazil are. It was the only so-called respectable hotel in this busy commercial town of fourteen thousand inhabitants; in France or England it would scarcely have been deemed better than a fourth-rate public-house. I cannot say much in praise of its conveniences, charges, cleanness, or company.

São Pedro do Rio Grande is a place of large trade for the exportation of *carne secca*, or jerked beef, hides, tallow, fish, and bones. This vast province, the southernmost of Brazil, bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the north and west by the great river Uruguay, possesses in its southern portion immense savannahs, called here *campos*—boundless natural pastures, where great herds of horses and cattle wander about in a half-wild state. There are *estancieros* to be found who own thirty or forty thousand head of cattle; and even in the northern or more wooded part of the province a fat bullock may be purchased for eight or ten milreis—about one pound sterling. I have seen government cavalry contracts for two, three, or more thousand young horses at the maximum rate of fifteen shillings apiece. In the Pampas or boundless plains, which extend from Buenos Ayres to Tucuman or Chili, a horse has hardly any value at all. Some years ago a lot of German speculators purchased half a million of them, at a dollar each, for the hide alone. The slaughtering lasted for months; and this immense multitude of carcasses, left on the ground every where, engendered a pestilence, the effect of which was to destroy men and cattle over large tracts for many years to come. At certain seasons of the year, in November and December chiefly, the mounted *gauchos*, or herdsmen, a very savage race, drive forward many thousand cattle to certain places alongside of a river, where they are slaughtered by wholesale. These shambles are called in Spanish *saladeros*, and in Portuguese *xarqueádas*; and if any one wishes to form a vivid and lasting idea of truly infernal horrors, let him visit one of them. No flesh-loving Englishmen could behold what passes there without loathing the sight of meat for weeks afterwards. A common English slaughter-house is no paradise of delight, but O, these true pandemonium back-yards with their indescribable atmosphere! The greasy and reeking slaughtermen of Newgate or Copenhagen-fields in London would appear very doves in comparison with these horrible *gauchos*; and it is wonderful that the civil wars, which for so many years have desolated those regions, have not been marked by yet greater acts of atrocity than those of which we read.

If it were not for the bustle and movement of its considerable

trade, it would be hard to imagine a sadder and more desolate place than Rio Grande. It is entirely built on the sand, into which the foot sinks ankle-deep in the streets. Sand, sand, nothing but sand—dry, burning, blinding—for leagues round the town. One might as well live in the great Sahara of Africa. They have tried to plant a few trees these years past, but with poor success. The town possesses no monuments worthy of note. There are two or three churches, but small and in bad taste. On the other side of the river or straits is the village of São José do Norte, also surrounded by immense sandy wastes. On a windy day I could see the sand blown off the hills in great clouds. This had a most singular appearance in the sun,—not unlike that of burning mountains. The only productions of São José are onions of very large size and melancias, or water-melons, of both of which great quantities are carried into the interior, or sold to the shipping.

After staying some time in Rio Grande waiting for a vessel to take me up the lake, I embarked on board the small steamer *Protecção*, which was to ascend the Lagoa dos Patos. It is about a forty hours' voyage by steam. This inland sea has been so called from the great numbers of Solander geese and ducks which congregate on its surface in winter-time. They come in April and May in countless myriads from the lagoons of Patagonia, driven by the intense cold of those regions. The lake abounds also in fish, and, as at Sancta Catharina, a species of large prawn, three or four inches in length, and as thick as a man's thumb, is caught in the greatest abundance in its waters. These are salt, or at least very brackish, for the first sixty or seventy miles nearest the sea, but become quite soft and fresh higher up the lake. Almost every ten minutes, as we ploughed our way through the sleeping waters, shoals of porpoises would leap, tumble, and frolic at a short distance from the vessel. These were probably attracted by the fish scared away by the paddling of our steamer. These porpoises, full as large apparently as fat hogs, must daily destroy incredible quantities of edible fish; yet the fisheries are said to be very productive, and of sufficient extent to supply an export trade. They gave us at dinner on board a *surubi* caught in the lake,—a fish about two feet in length, resembling the salmon in appearance and the gray mullet in taste. I think it is the same species as that which abounds in the Rio de la Plata and the Paraná, and which sometimes reaches the weight of a hundred pounds.

Towards ten in the morning on the 18th of April we issued out of the Lagoa dos Patos, and entered at the promontory of Itapua into the River Guayba, which here disembogues into the

lake. This mighty river, seldom less than eight miles in width, is the agglomeration of five considerable streams, which unite together near the town of Porto Alegre, and roll their tranquil waters for twelve or fourteen leagues in the midst of a succession of beautiful wood-crowned headlands. The scenery is singularly grand, and forms a superb entrance into the interior wilds of the South American continent. As we rounded each acacia and palm covered headland, I unconsciously watched the edge of the dense woods, almost expecting to see groups of aboriginal warriors looking disdainfully at the advance of civilisation; but the Guenoas and Tapés, the former lords of these wide domains, have long since disappeared from the coast; and such as were not exterminated in the long border wars of the Spaniards and Portuguese have fled into the remote wilderness and joined other tribes. In the afternoon, after passing a group of sunburnt rocks standing in mid-river, called Pedras Brancas, and on which is a government powder-store, we came in sight of Porto Alegre, the capital of the province of Rio Grande do Sul, the seat of the president or governor, and the residence of a bishop. The city is commandingly situated on a triangular peninsula jutting into the Rio Gravatahi, one of the five streams above mentioned. The junction of these rivers forms a very broad estuary, which is sometimes called Lagoa Viamão. Porto Alegre does not look very well from the river, owing to the want of trees among its low, scattered, one-storied houses. I afterwards found the reason of this bareness of vegetation. It is caused by the frequent blowing of a sharp south-west wind, called Pampero at Buenos Ayres, and here Minuano, from the name of an Indian tribe formerly dwelling in these parts. The lofty hills which encircle the city are consequently generally bare of forest, but the intervening valleys and the plain are very rich and luxuriantly wooded, although the soil is composed of a light reddish sand. The environs of Porto Alegre and the banks of its several lovely rivers, the Jacuhi, the Cahy, the Rio dos Sinos, the Tebiquary, or Taquary, and others, are studded with chácaras, country residences of its merchants—picturesque-looking, broad-eaved, and white-walled houses, cosily nestling among palm, acacia, cinnamon, and orange trees. The town, which scarcely yet reckons a century of existence, carries on a large trade, and exports hides, maize, honey, wax, beans, mandioca, timber, and a vast quantity of oranges and lemons for the south and Montevideo; while it receives jerked beef from the interior, and most of the commodities of Europe, chiefly from England, such as hard and Stafford ware, cloth, linen, and silk, and wines from France and Portugal. It has a population



of five-and-twenty thousand souls, whites, negro slaves, and a sprinkling of Charruá and Guarani Indians. Three or four small churches, and two unrecognised and scarcely-tolerated convents of women,—one of which has an orphanage, under the especial care of three or four Jesuit Fathers, who live in community but in the most unostentatious possible way,—more than suffice for the religious wants of a place than which few are to be found more entirely indifferent to religion.

I of course sought to account for this fact, the first evidence of which fell upon my heart like a lump of ice; and it was not long before I discovered the reason. The men and women of this province were almost universally active partisans in the revolutionary wars which for so long a time desolated these fair regions; wars in which thirty years ago Garibaldi bore so sanguinary a part as an unscrupulous condottiere. The original population of settlers was greatly enlarged by no small numbers of outlaws and vagabonds from the neighbouring Banda Oriental and Argentine States, as well as by the immigration into this new field of sundry scamps and needy adventurers from Portugal. These, the scum of the mother country, were confessedly the worst and most immoral portion of the inhabitants. The consequence is, that, in spite of the zealous efforts of a pious and well-meaning bishop, unhappily not always seconded as he ought to be by his clergy, the secret societies which flourish best in such a soil, as the worst fungus amidst putrefaction, exercise over the men and youths, and over too many of the women too, a deadly and anti-Christian influence. These last, the very ideals of frivolity, think for the most part of nothing but dress and idle chat; their children and their slaves are left to themselves, without any religious training and doctrinal instruction. The men busy themselves first with politics, secondly with money-making, thirdly with smoking, and lastly, if any time be left, with the impious mysteries of their masonic lodges.

It was raining in floods when I reached Porto Alegre, and, as I had to land from an open boat at a great distance from the ship, my luggage and myself were considerably the worse for wet when we took the shore, in the midst of numbers of clamorous negro porters. They swung my baggage on poles, and led the way to the bishop's residence, near the matriz, or cathedral, shouting in chorus a monotonous African howl, much as they had done at Bahia. The prelate was at home, expecting my arrival before setting off on an intended missionary journey. The welcome he gave me made me forget the fatigue of so long a voyage, and the feeling of sadness which oppressed me at the thought of so wide a separation from all I had loved. He was a man still in the prime of life, formerly



a good parish priest in the interior forests of the province of Bahia ; but his hair was entirely grey, and he bore in his countenance evident traces of the daily sorrows he had to endure. I was of course prepared to find a great lack of the ordinary comforts of civilised life ; but I confess I did not expect to behold so total an absence of common cleanliness in the house, however humble and poor, of a great dignitary of the Church. The bishop was little to be blamed for this ; the whole service of the house was in the hands of three or four negroes, emancipated by his lordship when raised to the Episcopal dignity, for it seems that the custom of the country does not allow of female domestics in the houses of the clergy. I leave it to my reader to imagine what the management of the household must have been, when I say that the descendants of the Portuguese have inherited the mother country's love of filth, and that the blacks are the laziest, dirtiest, and most thoughtless of the whole human race.

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## Under Arms.

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THE proposals lately laid before the Legislature of France for the reorganisation of the army of that country have given occasion or the publication of a great number of pamphlets and larger works devoted to the discussion of questions bearing on the efficiency and administration of the military resources of the nation. It is evident that the campaign of Sadowa has roused the attention of the acute students of the art of war who abound in France. Many of the publications of which we speak have proceeded from men of the very highest character, and are marked by extreme ability. The suggestions contained in them are well worthy of our own attention at a time when we are feeling the absolute necessity of some instant exertion to provide for our own urgent need of organisation and preparation. But it is not our business at present to attempt any analysis of these numerous pamphlets with a view to the drawing of conclusions useful for our own case. The conditions under which military reform has to be carried out in France and England respectively, differ almost as much as is possible in the case of two great neighbouring European nations, who have so often had to measure their strength one with the other. Even among ourselves, the power of the press and the influence of speculative opinion are not likely to tell with any great practical weight on a subject of so much difficulty. Let us only hope that our much needed improvements may not be at last made under the stinging pain and disgrace left by a great calamity. The author of the pamphlet on which we are about to comment has remarked that the battle of Rosbach in the last century was the starting point of a new system of military improvement in France,—a system which retained its hold as a matter of theory long after it had been left behind in practice,—and that the battle of Jena was, in like manner, the point at which the new Prussian system began those developments, which never ceased till they reached that perfection which astonished Europe in the Bohemian campaign of last year. There are certain great lessons which nations never seem to learn except from terrible adversities.

The pamphlet in question, which bears the simple title of *L'Armée Française en 1867*, is commonly attributed to one of the most distinguished and most promising generals of the present

French army—one who may almost be called the best hope of his country in the case of a great European war. He inherits the traditions and has received the teaching of Marshal Bugeaud. He was on the staff of Lamoricière in Africa. The qualities in his pamphlet which will perhaps be most likely to strike an unmilitary reader are the calm thoughtfulness, the political sagacity, and the high morality which show themselves almost in every chapter: and it is, unfortunately, not so common a thing as it ought to be to find so much cultivation of mind and so much truly Christian feeling among the successful soldiers of our time. General Trochu's language, for instance, about the character of the French army would, we fear, be surprising if used in our own country. He looks upon the army as a national institution of the highest rank, as most intimately linked with the mass of the population, as reflecting the tone of feeling and morality of the people at large, and as capable of reacting upon it powerfully either for good or for evil. We may feel inclined to consider the conscription as a tyrannical device, and the enforced military service of so large a part of the people as an unmixed evil in a moral point of view. So, no doubt, it may be. But it is difficult to deny that the State has a claim, for purposes of defence, on the services of all those whom it protects and represents; and it can never be admitted that a military life of itself must necessarily demoralise and degrade. We do not allow this to be the case with the officers: why must it be so with the men? Our author does not touch on those features in the foreign system which strike us as the most inevitably bad in their effects on the soldiers, such as the impediments thrown in the way of marriage. These, we fear, exist in all military systems alike. But he evidently considers that an army drawn fairly from the population, service in which is a part of national duty, may be maintained at a very good level as to its moral tone, and that it is certain to be superior in this respect to an army recruited from among the least respectable classes, who take to it as a last resource. He makes a very earnest protest against the system which is naturally most acceptable to a government which desires only to have the most perfect and handy weapon possible for military purposes—that of inducing the soldiers to reënlist after the term of their service has expired, instead of returning to their homes. The advantage of this system meets the eye at once. It appears better to have a hundred formed soldiers than twice as many raw recruits. But General Trochu looks a little deeper than this. The soldier, after two or three years of service, is as good as he ever will be for military purposes, and yet he is not a mere soldier. His love of his home remains, and he recognises his domestic and civil duties as

superior to those which for the time have bound him to a military life. He gives his country the years which he is obliged to give, and then he goes back, not as yet unfitted for any life but that of the camp or the garrison. "Il a beaucoup gagné sans avoir rien perdu," says General Trochu.

"The suppleness of youth still over-balances in him that *enroïdissement* which is the particular characteristic of men who have for a long time borne arms. He is still able to bend over the plough or resume the habits of a life of manual labour. So he remains in the country where he was born, instead of going to some great city to increase the crowd of the *déclassés*. He marries in this condition, he founds his family, and spreads around him the traditions of obedience, respectfulness, and good order which he has gained in his regiment, and thus he renders to society new and precious services without pretending to do so. An army which is thus periodically renewed, receiving into itself a notable portion of the best population of the country, and returning to it every year a contingent of soldiers, set free from service, but trained as has been said,—an army which thus sends back every ten years into the mass of the population nearly a million of good citizens, is a powerful instrument to advance public morality" (p. 68).

On the other hand, the man who reënlists becomes a soldier by profession, and is fit for nothing else. He has no longer the enthusiasm and the patriotic sentiment which made him so devoted and obedient in the first term of his service. He is cautious and exacting, though he knows war, and fights with vigour when he must fight. In the French army the generals depend a good deal on the emotions which they may excite in their men by the spirited harangues which they address to them before an engagement. This is the old Roman method,—and our author quotes with admiration the remark made by Montaigne on Cæsar, that whenever he means to tell his readers that he was taken quite by surprise, he mentions that he had not even the time to address an exhortation to his troops\* (p. 127). But the efficacy of these addresses depends on the temper and susceptibility of the men: and these old professional soldiers soon become blunted to all such influences. Our author tells us that the exclamation of an old soldier in Africa, in answer to an "exhortation pathétique" of a certain general—"Cause toujours, mon vieux, tu m'instruis"—has become famous in the army. It would probably not be thought very shocking among our own soldiers, but the French character cannot be moved at all if the springs of impulse and senti-

\* Some fine speeches of Greek generals will rise to the memory of the classic reader. Who can forget the Demosthenes of the Peloponnesian War with his *ἀνδρες οἱ ξυναρμόμενοι τοῦδε τοῦ κινδύνου*? Thucyd. iv. 10.

ment are paralysed. The account which is given by General Trochu of the *morale* of these veterans is not encouraging. The continued life in barracks and garrison, and the absence of all contact with the duties and responsibilities of ordinary life, tend to degrade soldiers of this class, and the French War Office has had to suppress the companies composed of them almost entirely. "Wherever they were on duty, they used to give the most distressing example both to the population and to the rest of the troops" (p. 75). And the consequence of the indefinite preponderance given to soldiers thus reënlisted in the French army will, our author tells us, be to prevent it from being in any sense an instrument of good to the country at large. He speaks, or rather, he hints that if he opened his mind fully he should feel obliged to speak, severely of the denizens of the *Invalides*. In his opinion, no one should live there except those really disabled by wounds or old age. The other pensioners should live in the country, where their influence might be good on the people around them.

We have mentioned the views of General Trochu on this subject for the sake of giving a specimen of the tone of his very interesting pamphlet: but we must forbear from attempting any thing like a complete account of its contents. Although it is meant primarily for the benefit of French readers, it deals in the main with principles of universal application. We should imagine, for instance, that few English statesmen who have had any thing to do with the War Office or the Admiralty could read the chapter on the "Preparation for War" without an uneasy feeling. The writer points out the immense and minute preparation which is required for a single campaign, and finds, in the long-continued and carefully elaborated process by which the Prussian armies were made ready for the campaign of Sadowa, the real lesson of the German war of 1866. Benedek might perhaps have done better: but the real and sufficient cause of his ill-success is to be laid to the account of statesmen rather than of generals—the want of preparation: and the ministers of Prussia were in reality the authors of her victory rather than her generals, however skilful, because they had so well provided for the conflict which had so long been meditated.

It is, we think, a mark of the thoughtful and well-balanced character of the mind of the writer before us that in a most interesting chapter on "Armies in the Field" he speaks disparagingly of the favourite French quality of *enthusiasm*. He remarks that the volunteers at Valmy, Gemappes, and Nerwinde, brilliant as was their valour, were serious embarrassments to General Dumouriez: that the Jacobite armies under Charles Edward and the Vendean forces under Lescure and Larochejaquelin were unable to hold their own against regular

troops, and that utter inefficiency characterised the operations of the Garibaldians in 1866. They have never succeeded except when the victory has been purchased for them beforehand, as in Sicily and Italy, by the gold of Cavour. As for "enthusiasm" in regular troops, it is only serviceable when it is kept under and well directed, and it often spoils the chance of a success of which method and calm are the essential elements. We cannot resist quoting, though at some length, a passage in which he relates the experience of Marshal Bugeaud in the Peninsular War :

" 'I served seven years in the Peninsula,' Marshal Bugeaud used to say. 'I have sometimes beaten the English in isolated encounters and *coups de main*, of which, as superior officer, I had the planning and the direction. But, during that long period of war, I had the pain of seeing but very few combined operations in which the English army did not get the better of our own. The reason of this was very plain. We almost invariably attacked our adversaries, without taking any heed of our own experience, under conditions which nearly always gave us the advantage over the Spaniards, but which almost always led to failure against the English.

'They generally occupied defensive positions, well chosen, with some salient point in them, and in which they showed only a part of their force. First of all came the usual cannonade. Very soon, however, and in haste, without any study of the position, without taking time to reconnoitre the ways by which it might have been attacked laterally or turned, we marched upon the enemy, taking, as the phrase is, 'the bull by the horns.'

'When our soldiers had come to a thousand paces' distance from the English line, they became agitated. They began to exchange opinions one with another—they hastened their march, which began to show something of disorder. The English, all silent, their arms grounded, impassible and immovable, looked like a long red wall—altogether an imposing sight, *which was not without its impression on the novices.*

'Soon the interval diminished: repeated shouts of *Vive l'Empereur! En avant! à la baïonnette!* broke out among our men. Up went the shakos on the tops of the muskets,—the march became a run, the ranks began to be mingled together, the agitation became tumultuous. Many men fired as they marched. The English line remained silent, immovable, their arms still grounded, even when we were no further off than three hundred paces. They seemed not to perceive the storm which was about to burst upon them.

'The contrast was striking. There was many a man among us, who, in the bottom of his heart, thought that the enemy was *very* slow to fire,—and calculated that this fire of his, so long kept back, would by and by be very inconvenient. Our ardour began to get weary. The usual influence,—an influence which in war is irresistible—which a calm that has the air of being imperturbable—even

though it is not—exercises over disorder stupefying itself by din and clamour—weighed upon our souls.

‘While we were thus in painful expectation, the English ‘wall’ would make a slight movement and prepare to fire. The effect was indescribable. It used to fix to the ground a number of our soldiers, who began an uncertain fire. But the fire of the enemy, thoroughly united, and very precise, fell on us like a thunderbolt. We were decimated, we turned on our steps and tried to regain our balance, and then at last three tremendous cheers broke the silence of our adversaries. At the third cheer, they were on us—pressing upon our disorderly retreat. But, to our great surprise, they did not push their advantage beyond a hundred paces, and then they returned calmly to their lines, to await a second assault—which we seldom failed to attempt, after having received reinforcements, under the same conditions, and too often with the same bad success as before, and with fresh losses.’”

General Trochu next gives us an interesting chapter on “Panics in presence of the Enemy.” Few writers on military subjects would be tempted to speak of panics, and their occurrence—which seems to be much more frequent than is supposed—is seldom mentioned in the accounts of a campaign. But they have to be guarded against—and this necessity falls in as a support to the main argument of the pamphlet before us,—soldiers must be educated to meet them, must have the causes which occasion them and their fallaciousness explained to them, and must learn to have confidence in the experience and the character of their commanders. Herodotus tells us, we think, that great armies are very liable to panics, and he describes that which befel the armament of Xerxes near Mount Ida.\* Panics have their theory. They arise from what may almost be called those instincts of men which they share with animals—the instincts of self-preservation and of imitation. Men in a great crowd are liable to sudden impressions and impulses, and these communicate themselves irresistibly and with electrical rapidity. A single horse in a herd takes fright, and gallops away—the rest follow him by instinct. Young troops, in particular, are very impressionable. But the fault is ordinarily in the commander. The troops ought not to be so exposed as to feel themselves in danger. Panics happen frequently in night operations before the enemy. History is full of instances. But none but chosen troops should be engaged in such operations, and those only with an infinity of precautions. After a battle, even though not a defeat,† in which great losses have occurred, the men have a painful feeling of the danger to which they have been exposed,

\* Herod. vii. 43.

† Thus a panic took place in the French army after Austerlitz at night, and again in the course of the day after Solferino.



and are liable to panic : such also is the case whenever they feel that they are being badly handled in presence of an enemy, or are exposed without protection. Thus a troop of cavalry sent to reconnoitre an enemy whose whereabouts is uncertain, along a narrow road perhaps, surrounded by ditches or woods, in which it cannot act freely, without support from infantry, feels itself isolated, and expects every moment a discharge of musketry from the woods around it. The slightest accident may fill such a body of men with fright : but the commander has it in his power to warn them against giving way to the sudden impulse.

The most striking passages in the whole pamphlet are perhaps to be found in the last chapter on which we shall comment, which bears for its title *Le Combat*. In a former page, the author has expressed the result of his own experience in the pithy saying, that nothing is less like war or a battle than the account given of it ! In the chapter now before us, he speaks in the first instance of the commander. His responsibility is enormous. One man is very unequal to another under this weight, and even at different times the same man is very unlike himself. The presence of the Emperor in the wars of Napoleon had a wonderful effect on the officers-in-chief as well as on the men. No man, however experienced, can depend upon the full possession of his faculties for command at a given time. "That one of all the qualities of an officer which gives the highest proof of the solidity of his character and the reality of his worth is—his modesty." The excitement of the approaching fight deepens, as the army draws near the scene of action and the first balls drop almost harmless from a distance, into an intensity of feeling which shows itself in a profound silence. This is the time for the general to inspire his troops by a few well-chosen words. This is the time for him to manœuvre according to the opportunities afforded him by the ground and the movements of the enemy. As yet he has his troops entirely in his hands. In a moment the tempest of the combat will drown his voice. The cannonade begins, the balls plough through the lines, there is a shower of bullets and a storm of grapeshot. The earth is covered with the dead and the dying, men dragging themselves convulsively to hedges, walls, or whatever shelter they can find from the hoofs of the cavalry and the wheels of the artillery. Arms and knapsacks are heaped about, horses stretched on the ground or wandering about without riders : soldiers crowd in excessive numbers to carry the wounded to the rear, or wander about in groups after some charge which has inflicted extraordinary losses on their regiment, declaring that all is lost, and that the enemy is behind them, contrasting strangely with the well-

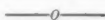
formed bands marching up from the reserves to take the offensive. "You, men who have been in command, who have witnessed these indescribable moments, say, do you think that at that time the bait of glory for some few, and of reward for some others, is enough to sustain hearts exposed to trials such as these? No, they must have something more noble to excite them. They must have the high sentiment of great duties and of sacrifice. With this, in their full liberty, they march firmly and nobly to death: and those alone among them are calm and tranquil who believe in another life than this!" (p. 254.)

It is in such times of confusion, when the general himself can hardly know what is going on everywhere, and when his orders often fail to reach the officers to whom they are sent, that he has to depend, in great measure, on his own judgment, and show his coolness and patience till the proper moment arrives for energetic action. It is at such times also that the men depend most upon the officers of lower grade who have been their trainers and personal commanders, and in whom they have learnt to have confidence. General Trochu concludes the chapter with some severe remarks upon the men who talk much before war breaks out, who are tame and stupefied in action, but who afterwards claim for themselves the credit due to the more modest among the survivors, or to men who have been wounded or killed. He is speaking, he says, rather of the private soldiers than of persons in higher position, who are always conspicuous enough. But he drops a word or two about the injustice sometimes involuntarily done by generals in their despatches after battle. The Duke of Wellington is said to have told some inquirer, that a battle was like a ball: you know what is going on just around you, but can give no account of what is happening in other parts of the room. It would seem that the generals themselves are not always able at once to give a complete account of what has taken place. They have but a few hours allowed them, after a period of great fatigue and intense anxiety, to draw up—necessarily, in many cases, at second hand—a history of the various and complicated movements of a day of confusion and danger. It is almost impossible but that great omissions should be sometimes made, and that the historian should have to supplement, if not to correct, the most authoritative of all the documents with which he has to deal, the official despatch of the victorious commander. General Trochu complains of the haste which is insisted upon as not only injurious, sometimes, to individual merit, but as producing a bad effect on the army by a sense of uncertainty as to the fair recognition of the most deserving services. "It is in war," he says, "that we

see the worth of that aphorism which I have elsewhere cited, 'the moral condition of armies is directly connected with the influence which the distribution of rewards exercises on the minds of the mass of the soldiery, and with the judgment which the soldiers themselves form concerning it.' "

*The two Pictures.*

*(Solem quis dicere falsum audeat ?)*



'Tis piece for piece, and line for line,  
The head, the brow, the eyes, the hair,  
No feature in that face of thine  
But lies repeated duly there—  
The Sun, we know, is limner true—  
And yet, my friend, it is not *you*.

In sooth, methinks, he made a slip,  
His cunning hand was somewhat out ;  
There's something lumpish on the lip,  
The mouth, methinks, appears to pout :  
But let the lines be e'er so true,  
I miss the soul to make it *you*.

Within my heart a picture shines  
By memory's stealthy pencil wrought,  
Long years have steep'd its cherish'd lines  
In hues from glancing visions caught,  
Blending the lights of happy home  
With clearer sunshine yet to come :

A gentle spirit's mirthful play  
Through daily change of good and ill,  
Unwearied on life's weary way,  
Bright, faithful, hopeful, thankful still :  
Humble in joy, in sorrow true—  
This is my picture—this is *you*.

## The History of Galileo.\*

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THE name of Galileo has long enjoyed a remarkable celebrity. And yet, strange to say, the common appreciation of his character rests upon a misconception of his real claims to distinction. His name is associated in the minds of most persons with great astronomical discoveries, and the decision of the question regarding the true system of the universe. But in these respects he holds only a secondary position. His true claim to greatness rests upon his discoveries as a natural philosopher and as the founder of the science of dynamics. Galileo's astronomical discoveries, such as those of the Satellites of Jupiter and of the phases of Venus, are indeed brilliant. But they required no genius, and are such as might have been made by any person of ordinary ability possessed of the command of a good telescope, and an attentive habit of observation. On the other hand, his physical and mechanical discoveries were such as could only proceed from a superior mind. Accordingly we find him evincing extreme jealousy regarding the first, in which he felt he might meet with many competitors; whereas in the latter he stands alone and without a rival. Such is the opinion expressed by Lagrange in his *Mécanique Analytique*. "This science (dynamics)," he says, "is due entirely to the moderns, and it was Galileo who laid the first foundations of it. This discovery (of the laws of falling bodies) did not indeed procure for him in his lifetime as much celebrity as those which he had made in the heavens; but it forms now the most solid and real part of the glory

\* Several of the principal foreign Catholic periodicals have of late handled the questions connected with Galileo. The following article is intended to put before the English reader the simple facts of the case, on which a great deal of new light has lately been thrown, and we have not scrupled, in compiling it, to avail ourselves freely of the labours of others. The scientific reader will find the part of the subject in which he is more especially interested very fully handled by M. Alph. Valsen, in some late numbers of the *Revue d'Economie Chrétienne* (Dec. 1865—Feb. 1866). The historical matter is admirably brought together by M. Henri de l'Épinois, in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* for last July. (This article has been reprinted separately.) The eminent canonist l'Abbé Bouix has dealt with the questions relating to the sentence of Galileo in the *Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques* (for Feb. and March 1866). These articles have also appeared in a separate form.

of this great man."\* M. Arago, in his *Biographical Notices*, forms a similar appreciation of the discoveries of Galileo in astronomy. "Without intending," he says, "to lessen their just claims to the admiration and surprise which they excited at the time, we are bound, from a due regard to truth, to say that the rapidity with which they succeeded one another was nothing astonishing. It would have required only a few hours to make all the observations made by Galileo during the years 1610 and 1611."

The astronomer Delambre, in his *Histoire de l'Astronomie Moderne*, speaks as follows of the astronomical discoveries of Galileo: "Galileo shows indeed, in his *Livre des Dialogues*, the superiority of the hypothesis of Copernicus over that of Ptolemy. But how much greater effect would he have given to his assertion, if he had said that the remedies against the opposite errors, which he says are to be found in the system of Copernicus, had been set forth by Kepler; if he had done for the discoveries of a contemporary what he has done for his own. His discoveries have, indeed, removed some difficulties and done away with some objections which would sooner or later have answered themselves, whereas the ideas of Kepler have essentially ameliorated the whole system by laying down the true foundations of planetary astronomy. It is truly inconceivable that Galileo should not in a single place have made the least mention of those far more difficult discoveries which finally led Newton to discover the general cause which forms the soul of that mechanism first established by Kepler." "Chance," he remarks in another place, "led to the discovery of the telescope in Belgium. Galileo received an account of it, and by the next day he had made one for himself, which magnified three times. He perfected it a little, and discovered spots on the sun; he saw also the phases of Venus and the Satellites of Jupiter. This was useful and brilliant; but was it difficult? Compare these three discoveries with the three laws of Kepler."

Galileo's true claims, then, to celebrity rest upon his discoveries in mechanics. His position as an astronomer has been unduly exaggerated. It is the common impression that the question regarding the true system of the universe remained undecided until his time, and that it was he who definitively decided it. This, we have seen, is false. The true system of the world had been already proved and solidly established by Copernicus and Kepler. The discoveries of Galileo served opportunely to confirm what had already become known from other sources. They have furnished science with no new principle, and the proofs which he has supplied can bear no comparison

\* Lagrange, *Mécanique*, p. 207.

in point of strength and power with those already advanced by his two illustrious predecessors.

Others, again, suppose that Galileo at least established the movement of the earth by direct proof. But this, also, is a mistake. The physical proofs which establish by sensible evidence the movement of the earth, as for instance by the movement of the pendulum, are of quite recent date. There is not one of the observations of Galileo which goes to prove the fact. The only proof which he did bring forward, and on which he greatly prided himself, was singularly unhappy. This was the proof drawn from the phenomenon of the tides. For this phenomenon is completely independent of the movement of the earth. It is due solely, as is now ascertained, to the combined action of the sun and moon upon the waters of the ocean. M. Arago says of this theory advanced by Galileo that "it is unworthy of the author to whom we are indebted for the true principles of modern mechanics, and that its least defect is that it fails to satisfy any of the experimental laws of the phenomenon."

The interest attaching to the name of Galileo is connected in the minds of many with the position which he holds in respect of the relation of science to religion. He represents in his person, as they suppose, the advance of science struggling against the persecution of the Church. How erroneous is this idea will be best seen by a short review of Galileo's life and of the circumstances which led ultimately to the condemnation of his doctrines by the Sacred Congregation.

Galileo Galilei, of Florentine extraction, was born at Pisa on the 8th of February 1564. On the 5th of November 1581 he entered on the study of natural philosophy and medicine in the university of that city, and here first showed the strong bent of his mind towards mechanical inquiry. It was at this time, according to some writers, that Galileo was led, by observing accidentally the oscillation of a lamp suspended from the roof of the cathedral, to the discovery of the principle of the isochronous movement of the pendulum, destined to prove hereafter productive of so many important consequences for the measurement of time. In 1585 he came to Florence to follow a course of mathematics. In 1589, in his twenty-fifth year, he was called by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to the chair of Professor of Mathematics in the University of Pisa, at the recommendation of the Cardinal del Monte. He did not, however, remain long at Pisa. His discoveries in mechanics, such as those which resulted in the establishment of the laws of falling bodies, struck a blow at the peripatetic doctrines of motion. He thus found himself in direct opposition to the teaching of the schools, in which the philosophy of Aristotle had long been dominant. An

outburst of indignation, in which his own scholars joined, was raised against him. Galileo fled before the storm, gaining at the same time a wider field by obtaining from the Republic of Venice the place of Professor of Mathematics, in 1591, in the University of Padua, which he continued to hold till 1606. By some writers Galileo's retirement to Padua is ascribed to his injudicious censure and needlessly public exposure of the defects of a piece of machinery contrived by John de Medicis, natural son of Cosmo I. de Medicis, and subjected to his criticism. An order of banishment, it is said, was the penalty of his imprudence and want of judgment.

It was during his stay in Padua that he published the greater part of the works which have given celebrity to his name. Here, as at Pisa, he continued to make active researches in mechanics and natural philosophy, and brought both reasoning and experiment to bear, though with but little consideration for the prejudices of his opponents, upon the received doctrines of the schools. He also openly declared himself in favour of the ancient opinion held by Pythagoras concerning the movement of the earth, revived in the preceding century by Copernicus, and supported at this time with great distinction by Kepler. What was the common opinion at the time on this point, and how was it regarded by the Church? The greater part of the body of professors and learned men believed, with the mass of the people, the system of Ptolemy; a few more gifted minds maintained the system of the world taught by Pythagoras, and which had been in general lost sight of during the Middle Ages, though perhaps some traces of it had been kept alive in the schools of Bologna. The Church left the discussion of the question perfectly free. There had been sovereign pontiffs, cardinals, and priests who had even supported and defended the doctrine of Pythagoras. Nicolas de Cusa, born in 1401, and created cardinal by Pope Eugenius IV. in 1448, was the first who had revived the old doctrine, and published in 1435 his work *De doctâ Ignorantiâ*, dedicated to Cardinal Cesarini, in which he maintains the movement of the earth around the sun. He was followed by Copernicus, who, born in 1473 at Thorn, at that time under Poland, studied in Italy, entered Holy Orders, became canon, and was appointed in 1500 Professor of Mathematics at Rome. It was in this character that he was consulted in 1512 by the Council of Lateran in the work of the reform of the Calendar, completed seventy years later by Pope Gregory XIII. The opinion maintained by Copernicus had found supporters; and in 1533 John Albert Widmanstadt, a German, explained it in Rome in the presence of Pope Clement VII., the Cardinals Orsini and Salviati, the Bishop of Viterbo, and the



physician Matthew Corte. The Pope listened with pleasure to the explanation, and, as a mark of his satisfaction, appointed Widmanstadt one of his secretaries, and presented him with a Greek manuscript, which is preserved in the library at Munich, with an inscription on one of the pages recording the circumstances of the gift. Ten years after this *séance* at the Vatican, Copernicus was prevailed upon, much against his will, by the Cardinal Schomberg and by the Bishop of Culm, to publish his treatise *De Revolutionibus Orbium Celestium*, a work on which he had been employed for more than thirty-five years. The work was dedicated to the learned Pontiff Pope Paul III., who was engaged in a correspondence with Calcagnini, the first Italian who publicly supported the system of Copernicus. It is well known what a spirit of faith and piety animated the elevated researches of Kepler.

The Church, then, it will be seen from these few facts, so far from thwarting the progress of science, encouraged it, so long as it confined itself within its own legitimate bounds, and avoided the introduction and the discussion of theological questions. Galileo, like his friend Kepler, embraced at an early period the opinion in favour of the earth's motion. In a letter dated May 30, 1597, he declared plainly that he regarded the opinion of Pythagoras as much more probable than that of Aristotle. Kepler having sent him his work published in 1596, Galileo told him in answer that he should read it with great pleasure, for that he had already for many years adopted the doctrine. He added that he should himself have added a number of demonstrations and proofs in support of it, were he not afraid of sharing the fate of Copernicus; "for if Copernicus," he says, "has gained with some undying fame, he is with numberless persons an object of raillery and contempt."\*

It was not, then, the Church that Galileo was afraid of, but public opinion. Copernicus had received the support of the Sovereign Pontiff; but the new doctrine, though it might be favourably received by a few minds of a higher order, would be rejected by the great body of professors and learned men. This enables us to see the famous decree of 1616 in its true light; it shows what was the general opinion at the time regarding the doctrine of Copernicus. Have we any right to expect of any tribunal, in point of knowledge of this kind, to be in advance of its age?

To return to Galileo at Padua. The telescope, the principle of which, as we mentioned above, recently discovered in Holland, and in a manner rediscovered and at once applied by the Tuscan astronomer in Italy, opened to him new fields of discovery beyond all,

\* *Opere di Galileo*, vol. vi. p. 11. Florence, 1842-1856.

according to the expression of M. Biot, that the imagination could conceive. Galileo gave a report of his discoveries in a work which he published in 1610, entitled *Nuntius Sidereus*, and in which he pointed out their bearing upon the system of the rotation of the earth. The work was received with great applause throughout Europe. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had already been flattered by the compliment paid him by Galileo in naming the newly discovered satellites of Jupiter the *Stars of Medici*, and who had on this account, it is said, recalled him to Florence, conferred on him the title of first Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy, securing to him at the same time leisure to continue his researches by leaving him unencumbered with the charge of teaching. The King of France requested as a favour that the first star he should discover should be named Bourbon. Kepler publicly acknowledged his appreciation of the sublimity of genius manifested by Galileo, and printed the work at Prague with a preface by his own hand. It raised, however, on the other hand, serious attacks from his opponents. The members of the Universities of Pisa and Padua, and all the favourers of the Peripatetic school, rose in a body against it.

This hostility to Galileo owed its origin in a great measure to the very advance which he made in science. His mechanical and astronomical discoveries struck a fatal blow at the Aristotelic doctrine almost universally received at the time in the schools. The system which regarded the earth as the centre of the universe, and immovable in the heavens; which fixed the stars and planets in material and transparent spheres, to which alone they owed their motion; which recognised no change in the heavens except in the sublunary space, that is to say, in the portion of the heavens between the earth and the moon—was shaken to its centre by the discoveries which tended to confirm with accumulated proofs the hypothesis of the earth's rotation, with the rest of the planets, around the sun.

Galileo's naturally impetuous character, which, not satisfied with establishing the truth of his own discoveries, led him unnecessarily to expose and triumph over the errors of his opponents, increased the exasperation of the attacks against him. His enemies gladly availed themselves of any arguments which could be brought to bear upon him with the greatest effect. Abandoning the ground of science, they raised the objection that these discoveries endangered religion, that they were contrary to the text of Holy Scripture, and at variance with the teaching of the Fathers. Galileo had the rashness to follow them upon the ground of religious controversy, and thus found himself entangled in the snares which they had laid for him, and led on finally to his ruin.

Galileo and his friends turned their eyes to Rome, where, though they had reason to expect much opposition from the learned, they still looked with confidence for an impartial judgment. Any one who really knows Rome is aware that—not to speak of the caution, prudence, and gentleness, which so naturally belong to tribunals whose decrees cannot be supervised, and are assisted by supernatural illumination—the dominant tone among its highest circles is always one of indulgence, forbearance, and liberality. But every great system has its Tadpoles and Tapers,—the men who live upon gossip picked up third or fourth hand from the eavesdroppers of some anti-camera, and who are never so happy as when they have the opportunity of hinting at some probable exercise of the Church's severity, or at the imagined disfavour which has fallen on some illustrious Catholic. These men usually find a goodly number of very un-Roman friends of Rome in various quarters to propagate the mischief which they have initiated. It is therefore almost surprising that the air should not have been so filled with sinister reports as to shake the well-grounded confidence of Galileo. Father Clavius wrote to him on December 17th, 1610, that he had himself on several occasions seen the new planets he had discovered, and added that he was entitled to great credit for having been the first to observe them. Strengthened by such support, Galileo set out for Rome on the 23d of March 1611. He was warmly received by Prince Cesi, founder of the Academy of the *Lyncei*, and the Cardinal del Monte, and he entertained sanguine hopes, from his communications with several learned and distinguished persons, that before his departure he should see his discoveries generally recognised.\* He was received with distinction by Paul V. Cardinal Bellarmine consulted the Jesuit Fathers, the astronomers of the Roman College, regarding Galileo's observations upon the fixed stars, the milky way, the character of Saturn, the phases of Venus, the inequalities on the moon's surface, and the Satellites of Jupiter. Fathers Clavius, Griemberger, Malcozzo, and Lembo returned a favourable reply. The omission of Galileo's name in the inquiry only shows that the matter was a scientific, and not a personal, question.

Galileo might, then, be well satisfied with his stay in Rome. The Cardinal Farnese, after having received Galileo at his table in Rome, entertained him at his magnificent villa at Caprarola, and Cardinal Maffei Barberini, afterwards Urban VIII., who had already celebrated his discoveries in verse, addressed to him, amongst many affectionate letters, a note dated October 11th, 1611, in which he

\* *Opere di Galileo*, vol. vi. p. 47.

says, "Valuable men such as you deserve to live long for the public benefit." Galileo had thus obtained entire success in this visit to Rome. But things were not so in Florence, where a jealous party had gathered round the Archbishop. An attempt was made, though without effect, to induce a priest to protest in the pulpit against the "extravagances" of Galileo. This was the first symptom of opposition. His enemies were trying their strength.

In the following year, 1612, Galileo published his *Discorso sui Gallegianti*, in which he paid compliments to many of the distinguished persons in Rome; and received encouraging replies from the Cardinals Maffei Barberini, Bellarmine, and Conti. Galileo, who was already uneasy at the complaints of his opponents, had inquired of Cardinal Conti whether Holy Scripture favoured the principles of Aristotle on the constitution of the universe. Conti replied that Scripture, as explained by the Fathers, was rather contrary to the Peripatetic doctrine of the incorruptibility of the heavens. As regards the movement of the earth, its movement on its own axis might be maintained without contradicting Scripture. But the system of the circular movement of the earth, as maintained by Pythagoras and Copernicus, appeared to him less conformable to Scripture. For if some passages which speak of the stability of the earth might be understood of its perpetuity, yet those which speak of the sun moving must be understood according to the ordinary use of language, and such an explanation should not be abandoned without great necessity.\* Galileo was satisfied with this testimony, and entered with great confidence into the lists.

He had, however, serious reasons for uneasiness. His adversaries, the Peripateticians, sensible of the difficulty of relying solely on the doctrine of Aristotle, hastened to call to their aid the authority of Holy Scripture. The cry was raised that Galileo was attacking Scripture, and Catholics readily took the alarm. A monk named Sizi, in a work published at Venice, in 1611, against the *Nuntius Sidereus*, had been the first to introduce into the discussion the testimony of Holy Scripture. We shall see that Galileo had the imprudence to follow him on to this dangerous ground.

The objections raised by Sizi were taken up by others. The Grand Duchess Christina, supported by some professors, engaged in discussion with the Benedictine, Father Castelli, a devoted friend of Galileo, and maintained that Holy Scripture was opposed to the movement of the earth. The question then ceased to be astronomical, and became a question of the interpretation of Scripture.

\* *Opere di Galileo*, vol. viii. p. 222.

The Peripateticians took advantage of this complication of the question; and Galileo, in his attempts to maintain his system, found himself obliged to explain texts of Scripture, to lay down rules of religious controversy, and to act the part of theologian. He accordingly now found himself in opposition to ecclesiastics who had hitherto supported him. It was a snare laid for him by his Aristotelian opponents; and his naturally headstrong disposition led him to fall into it.

Father Caccini, a Dominican, was explaining at this time the book of Joshua in the Church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence. Having come to the explanation of the words in Joshua about the sun standing still, and choosing for his text, as is said, the passage from the Acts of the Apostles, "*Viri Galilæi, quid statis aspicientes in cælum?*" he took occasion to censure the opinion of Copernicus "maintained and taught at Florence by Galileo," according to the words of his own subsequent juridical deposition, "viz. that the sun was the centre of the world, and consequently immovable." Such an opinion, he maintained, was at variance with the Catholic Faith, as being contradictory to the literal sense of several texts of Holy Scripture, which was followed by the holy Fathers; and hence that it was a quasi heresy.\*

Galileo complained of the attack, though with great moderation, to Father Maraffi, General of the Dominicans, and received in reply a most formal disapproval of the conduct of his rash assailant. But this did not satisfy him. He must needs retort the attack which had been made upon his doctrines; and in a letter to his friend Father Castelli, Professor of Mathematics, written, as he avows, *currente calamo*, he followed Father Caccini upon the ground to which he had transferred the debate, and, protesting against the explanation of Scripture which had been given, laid down what he terms the true principles of interpretation. Several copies of this letter were taken, and Father Lorini, a Dominican, sent one of them to Father Caccini, who declared that it contained several expressions theologically incorrect. Father Lorini upon this denounced the letter to the Cardinal President of the Congregation of the Index, pointing out certain propositions in it as "suspect" or "rash;" as, for instance, that there are certain modes of expression in Holy Scripture which are inappropriate (*inconvenienti*); that in questions as to natural effects Scripture holds the last place; that its expounders (*i suoi espositori*) are often wrong in their explanation of it; that Scripture should not be appealed to except in questions

\* Ms. of the Process, fo. 353.

which concern the Faith; that in natural things philosophical or astronomical arguments are of more weight than sacred and divine; lastly, that the commandment of Joshua to the sun should be understood as addressed to the first principle of motion. Father Lorini proceeds then to point out the danger of allowing people to interpret Holy Scripture after their own fashion (*a lor mode*), and contrary to the common exposition of the holy Fathers, and to maintain opinions apparently altogether contrary to Holy Scripture. This would be to allow them to speak with but little reverence of the holy Fathers, and to overthrow the whole philosophy of Aristotle, of which scholastic theology had made such use. This letter of Father Lorini is the first document which appears in the process, and is valuable as giving a key to its whole character. The question was brought before the tribunal not as one of science, but of the interpretation of Scripture. The theory of the movement of the earth held but a secondary place.

At the present day every one holds the theory of Copernicus and Galileo as to the scientific question; but how many sound Catholics,—and, we may add, how many of the more orthodox defenders of Holy Scripture among those who are not Catholics,—would put their signatures to such propositions as those which we have just mentioned? Galileo had run headlong into the snare prepared for him by his adversaries, the bigoted adherents of the Aristotelian doctrines which he had disproved. But his adversaries were not his judges; and we shall see, in our next article, how these last dealt with him,

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## Our Library Table.

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1. Pascal and Newton.
2. Christian Schools and Scholars.
3. The Last Chronicle of Barset.
4. The Life and Death of Jason.
5. St. Catharine of Genoa and the "Tracts for the Day."
6. Partisan Warfare of the Confederates.
7. Oswald of Deira.

1. A most interesting question is being discussed in Paris at the present time, and the echoes of the dispute cannot fail to make themselves heard on this side of the Channel. M. Chasles has lately declared himself the possessor of a great number of letters of eminent persons of the seventeenth century, the most famous of whom are Pascal and Newton. It is asserted that the manuscripts in question tend to show that Newton's great discoveries were really communicated or suggested to him by the French philosopher. In short, a double question affecting the fame of the great Sir Isaac has been raised: for he is practically accused not only of having made himself a name at second-hand, but also of having been remarkably reticent as to his obligations to others. We shall not now go into the particulars of the debate, into which Sir David Brewster has already entered in vindication of Newton. His arguments are chiefly negative, drawn from the entire absence among the Newton papers of any vestiges of the correspondence with Pascal, as well as from the fact that in his early years—for the date of the correspondence is fixed at a time when he was extremely young—Newton's studies were not directed to mathematics and physics, but only to mechanical science. It is unfortunately only too probable that a collector like M. Chasles may have been taken in, and that the mass of documents of which he announces the discovery is a heap of forgeries. It is well known that we live in an age of "spurious antiques" both in literature and in other fields of interest: and so many forgeries are known to have been accomplished of late years, that our suspicion rather than our confidence is at once awakened by announcements like that of which we are speaking.

Under these circumstances, perhaps the most important thing of all is that every possible facility should be given for the examination of the alleged manuscripts, in order that their internal evidence may be examined, at the same time that the fullest possible account is given of their history. We feel sure that, in England as in France, the simple desire that the truth should come out will override, in the minds of all scientific men, the less noble considerations of national vanity or personal admiration. We are sorry therefore to see that there is apparently some hesitation on the part of M.



Chasles to give an account of his manuscripts. The *Académie des Sciences* in Paris has appointed a commission to investigate the matter, and we find from the account of the last meeting of the *Académie* which has reached us (Aug. 19), that some of the most eminent members of that commission are dissatisfied as to the point in question. M. le Verrier is said to have declared its "incompetence" to be of any use in the matter. He saw no possibility for the Academy to carry on the discussion under the circumstances.

"The commission," he said, "finds itself in a position of too evident inferiority, as compared to that of M. Chasles, to aid him in maintaining his quarrel, because he knows so much more than they do about the origin of the documents and the degree of confidence which they deserve. M. Chasles will not declare the means by which these papers came into his hands. He has a perfect right to do as he pleases in the matter,—*only* the commission has no longer any reason for continuing its labours, which can bring no real assistance to the cause of M. Chasles." The celebrated astronomer went on, with great politeness, to say, that "astronomers have the bad habit of bringing into play, with respect to all matters, a rule which they were obliged to make for themselves with regard to astronomical observations. When a document is submitted to them, they ask whence it comes, who has signed it, and what are the proofs of its reality and exactitude. When these proofs are wanting, they are in the habit of putting the document aside,—without necessarily thereby affirming that it is false. He had lately received from an English missionary in India an observation of two black points which had passed over the sun. If there had been but one, he would have published the observation; but two!—at the time, moreover, when astronomers who examined the sun's surface every day had seen nothing! It had appeared to him extraordinary, and he had put the letter aside. He repeated that these habits of distrust were, perhaps, wrongly brought to the handling of all kinds of scientific subjects. Still, this showed how inconvenient it was to appoint a commission to deal with questions of the kind brought before the Academy by M. Chasles. If, however, that gentleman would give explanations as to the origin of his documents, on condition of being told what use would be made of those explanations, the commission could only reply that it would consider that question *after* the explanations had been given." This speech of M. le Verrier, the meaning of which can hardly be doubted, was afterwards echoed by M. Chevreul.

It failed, however, to move M. Chasles. He simply replied that "he would not and could not say, 'Here is what I have, and no more.' If after that he became possessed of fresh documents, it would seem that he had kept their existence secret." "*Tout le monde,*" says the report before us, "*s'empresse de le rassurer à cet égard, mais la discussion menace de devenir orageuse.*" M. Chasles insisted that the number and nature of his documents ought to be enough to remove all doubt of their authenticity.

This is certainly not very promising. We may conclude that M. le Verrier and other French men of science hold much the same

opinion as to these documents as Sir David Brewster among ourselves. A want of openness in the producer of a document is a fair ground for suspicion as to its genuineness. Still, it is not always a conclusive proof against it. And the interests of truth, as well as the fair fame of Sir Isaac Newton, may render a minute investigation of the internal evidence to be found in the documents themselves necessary for the final solution of the questions raised concerning them.

2. At a time when the revolutionists of Italy have ruthlessly swept away those magnificent religious foundations which have done so much for the civilisation of the world, and when a similar party at home are putting forth all their energies to prevent the success of a Catholic University in Ireland, we hail with much satisfaction the publication of an interesting work on *Christian Schools and Scholars*.\* It not only shows what the Church has done in all ages for the education of the Christian world, but we may consider it in itself a proof that the deep love of learning and literature which in the old times made the schools of Ireland and Britain famous throughout Europe, exists as strongly in the religious houses of the nineteenth century. We are not betraying any confidence in mentioning that the authoress of this elaborate treatise on Christian education is a nun of the third order of St. Dominick. Nowhere, perhaps, save in the seclusion of a religious life, could a young lady find the means and the opportunities to digest the many learned documents which must have been carefully studied before she could have been qualified to publish a work on the progress and character of Christian education in every way so satisfactory as that now before us. Of course, where the subject is so wide, and where the circumstances of the authoress's life are such that she could not have applied herself to a systematic and scientific study of each department of so exhaustless a field, a careful critic will discover many opportunities of starting objections, either on the ground of imperfect information or shallow inquiry. Yet, taken as a whole, the work will easily command general respect. It has been compiled with much care and diligence. Its style is natural and unaffected. The authoress writes with that hearty love of her subject which, of itself, is sure to render a book pleasant and readable. Her enthusiasm, moreover, is catching. She not only throws her soul into her graphic descriptions of the ancient homes of literature, but she carries her readers along with her. As you peruse page upon page, she makes you feel how grand were those good days of yore, when the Church had it all her own way, when the Catholic faith was the standard and the guide of all true education, and when the highest attainments of philosophy and science were, in a certain sense, the developments and the ornaments of a still more noble learning—the knowledge and practice of a profoundly spiritual life.

Having spoken of these volumes as a whole, let us now make a few remarks on some of those branches of the wide subject of Chris-

\* *Christian Schools and Scholars*; or Sketches of Education from the Christian Era to the Council of Trent. 2 vols. London, 1867.

tain schools which, for many reasons, possess particular interest for ourselves. The writer before us gives a good account of the early Christian schools in Britain, the fruits of the labours of St. Ninian among the Picts, St. Palladius among the North Britons, and St. Germanus and St. Lupin in other parts of our island. Then again, as is well known, from the fifth to the ninth or tenth centuries, some of the most famous schools in Western Europe, and the most successful in their results, were those of Ireland. Christianity is of very ancient growth in that country. It existed even before the missions of Palladius and of Patrick. St. Celestine sent Palladius as the first Bishop to the Scots already believing in Christ. The terms of the Pontiff's commission implied that there was already a body of Christians in the country who were in need of a regular ecclesiastical organisation. How the Christian faith was first brought into the country is not known, but it is very certain that in the third and fourth centuries Irish Christians were known in different parts of Europe as missionaries and as men of letters. Sedulius was one of these; so was St. Beatus, the first Bishop of Lausanne, and St. Mansuetus, the first Bishop of Toul. Yet it was immediately after the mission of St. Patrick that Ireland became distinguished for its schools of learning. There was the school of Clonard, founded by St. Finian, where St. Columba and many other great saints were educated. There was the school of Moville, in the county of Down, founded by another St. Finian. There was the monastery of Benchor or Bangor, which sent forth St. Columbanus, one of the grandest of the saints of Erin, the founder of the great houses of Luxeuil and Bobbio, and through his disciples of many other monasteries in France, Italy, and Switzerland. There was the school of Cloufert, founded by St. Brendan, and that of Lismore, founded by St. Carthagh, and that most interesting of all the cenobitic establishments of Ireland, the monastery, if it can be so called, on the holy Isle of Arran, off the coast of Galway.

The testimony of all authentic history is conclusive as to the fact, that the primitive Christian schools of Ireland and Britain produced an immense effect upon the civilisation and religion of Europe. The missionaries and learned men from Benchor and Iona penetrated every where. They founded monasteries and episcopal sees in Italy, France, Switzerland, and Germany. They carried the faith of Christ even as far north as Iceland. They assisted Charlemagne in his attempted revival of literature, and they were among his most favoured professors and teachers. Few schools of learning have achieved so varied and yet so solid a success. In the "dark" ages of the sixth and subsequent centuries they left their impress upon the western world to a far greater extent, and with far nobler results, than Oxford, with all its advantages of wealth and prestige, has done from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries. Now there must be some reason for this success—a success the more remarkable inasmuch as these schools were situated on the very confines of European civilisation, and therefore from their position were unlikely to attract attention. Yet they overcame the difficulty of their remote position, and they drew to their cloisters multitudes of the most earnest and

devout men in Europe. In modern language they were a *success*; and how was this success brought about?

It is certain that the first attraction of these celebrated schools of learning consisted in the strict asceticism of the religious who founded and who frequented them. The monks of Arran were hermits rather than monks. They met together in a common hall for their solitary daily meal; they sang the divine office together; but they lived each man by himself in a separate cell. The monks of Benchor, "a place," says St. Bernard, "in the truest sense holy, and abounding in holy men," were far too numerous to be accommodated within one dwelling. They must, therefore, have lived after much the same fashion as the cœnobites of the Isle of Arran. And there is every reason to believe that what St. Bernard records of the monastery of Luxeuil was no less true of itself—namely, that owing to the multitude of its monks, the divine offices used to be performed without any interruption, the choirs succeeding one another in turn, so that their praises ceased not for one moment either day or night.

There is a powerful attraction in the austerity of a holy life. Self-discipline is the best sermon. And men who forsook the world, and led austere lives, that they might concentrate all their energies on the contemplation and on the service of God, unwittingly destroyed their own solitude by exciting in others a desire to be taught and directed by such masters in the science of sanctity. Thus it was that the asceticism of these old saints laid the foundation of their schools of learning, and helped to render them celebrated. It brought them fellow-labourers in the same sacred field; it brought them learners and scholars; it cemented both together in the union of a religious life. And in this way there grew up institutions which were partly monastic and partly didactic, wherein a life of prayer and praise and labour and penance was carefully interwoven with the acquisition of sacred and secular learning.

We need only add, that institutions of this kind were not only peculiarly suited to those remote times, but they conceived, and successfully carried out, the true idea of education. For what is education, if it be not the union and development of a religious and holy life with the knowledge of Scripture, the study of languages, the pursuit of sciences, and the application of the mechanical arts to the convenience and advantage of every-day life? In the London University we have a system of teaching which is supposed by its advocates to be the perfection of a modern university education. The young men who go up for matriculation are expected to stand an examination in classics, mathematics, arithmetic, grammar, philosophy, and mechanics. That a young man should attain a knowledge of these various subjects is considered to be the climax of a modern liberal education. The ancient monks of Clonard and Iona did more. They taught the knowledge of languages and science and the mechanical arts; and they taught them with a practical success, the benefits of which we experience even in this age. But they taught also a still more important science—the knowledge and worship of God in the unity of His Church; so that, after all, the monks of old taught more and achieved more than

those who have supplanted them in the modern world. The former educated, the latter cram. The monks blended human learning with divine faith and practice; these others, by the exclusion of religious doctrine, leave the highest regions of the human intellect and will dark, dreary, uncultivated, and untrained. The modern professor limits man to the natural order; the ancient monks of Erin taught him all that was useful in nature and all that was beautiful in grace. Were they not the better teachers of the two?

We must not forget to mention that in the educational system of these ancient schools music, and especially the music of the Church, occupied a prominent place. The continuous chanting of the divine office was an essential part of the discipline of most of the early Celtic monasteries; and both at home and abroad the Celtic monks became famous for their skill in psalmody. "In whatever foreign monasteries they sojourned, they were sure to introduce a passion for poetry and the music of the harp, as at St. Gall, where the use of that instrument was taught by Irish masters. In the seventh century we find St. Gertrude of Nivelles sending over to Ireland to invite the two brothers of St. Fursey to instruct her community in psalmody; and the legends of the Irish saints are full of passages which describe the kind of ecstasy produced in the minds of this people, so susceptible to the beautiful in every form, by the melody of the ecclesiastical chant" (vol. i. p. 77). In the important place thus assigned to music, these ancient teachers showed at once their wisdom and their devotion. According to their system, the worship of God both sanctified instruction and gave an impetus to learning; music was a recreation in the midst of severe studies, and it was, at the same time, the proper form for the praise of God; the knowledge of language and of science disciplined the intellect; the songs and chants of the Church cultivated and warmed the affections. Thus those old masters made the nurture of the mind and of the heart to keep pace with one another; and in this way, again, they proved that they understood human nature better, and educated it more completely, than the much-vaunted professors of our own day.

And yet it will still be objected against their system that its training of the mind was narrow; that all freedom of thought was discountenanced; that the education was rather theological and ascetical than scientific and general; and that it is therefore no fit subject either for praise with respect to the past, or for imitation with regard to the present. But two very plain answers may be given to these objections. In the first place, those ancient masters taught for the age in which they lived; and if they made use of the best materials within their reach, and came up to the highest standards of learning known to their ages, their education must be regarded both as being a good one and a successful one. And who will deny that such was the case? Did not the schools of Clonard and Bencor train up men who afterwards reclaimed many parts of Europe from ignorance and barbarism; whose labours changed bleak and uncultivated wastes into rich and fruitful fields; who took their place among the most learned men of the day; and who were able to assist Charlemagne in the revival of letters? And as to freedom of

thought, there are two senses in which these words are commonly used. If they are taken to signify looseness of faith and a sceptical spirit, we readily admit that the system of the ancient schools was not calculated to produce such results. But if they mean a love of scientific investigation, and a conviction that religion has nothing to fear from the most extended researches in physics, in philosophy, or in history, then there is more than sufficient evidence to show that the teaching of the Celtic schools placed no restraint upon "freedom" of this kind. In fact, the Irish scholars were every where noted for their love of the higher sciences, and for the freedom with which they discussed very difficult questions. St. Virgil of Salzburg astonished his less-cultivated compeers by his fearless advocacy of physical truths now universally admitted. Clement and Albinus came into France in the time of Charlemagne, boldly crying out in the market-place, "If any one is desirous of wisdom, let him come to us and receive it, for we have it to sell." John Erigena was a man singularly acute in his intellect, and fearless in enunciating what he believed to be correct. Yet, although his theological opinions were on some points apparently unsound, he never consciously forsook the Catholic communion, and had not the least intention of doing so. With all the freedom wherewith the Celtic scholars were accustomed to advance new opinions, and to prosecute scientific investigations, they had not the least taint of formal heresy. It was the boast of St. Columbanus—a boast which could have been repeated until the foundation of the Anglican Church in Ireland—that "all of us natives of Ireland, whose dwelling is upon the confines of the earth, receiving no doctrine beyond what the Evangelists and Apostles taught, are followers of St. Peter and St. Paul and of all the disciples, who, by divine inspiration, wrote the sacred canon of Scripture. Amongst us there has been no heretic, no Jew, no schismatic: but we adhere with unshaken firmness to the Catholic faith as we received it at the first from you, to wit, the successors of these blessed Apostles." Yet St. Columbanus himself is another instance of this fearlessness of speech even in questions of doctrine. There are passages in his epistles in which the thoughts of his mind are expressed in very plain language, and which now and then need explanation. St. Columbanus, indeed, wrote with a simple and clear comprehension of the faith; and he addresses the Sovereign Pontiff with the same sort of freedom with which a child, conscious of all loyalty and affection, will sometimes address his father. Never has the breath of suspicion rested upon the orthodoxy and fidelity of this servant of God. It might, indeed, have been otherwise had he lived in this age of newspaper correspondents, unauthorised dogmatists, and slashing theologians. But he was fortunate enough to have had his lot cast in the days when charity had not as yet parted company with faith, and when a Catholic would as soon have thought of calling into question the orthodoxy of the successor of St. Peter himself, as doubt the loyalty and devotion of a great and good man, who had laboured much, and suffered much, and achieved much for the glory of God.

So far we have traced the outlines of the ancient system of Chris-



tian education. It commenced with the sanctity of the teachers. Those who presumed to teach others began by being themselves trained in the highest walks of Christian asceticism. And when, by their deeds rather than by their words, they had attracted a number of others desirous to make progress in the same practical religion, they commenced by the study of sacred literature, and then advanced to other branches of science and of learning, diving into them as deeply as the state of knowledge at the time permitted, and not regarding them as dangerous weapons to be carefully handled and sedulously guarded, but treating them in all respects with confidence and freedom, as helps and as handmaids of the Christian faith. And with all this sacred and secular knowledge was blended and united an ecclesiastical spirit, which found relief and satisfaction in chanting the divine office, and in diversifying the various occupations of the day by continuously singing the praises of God. The education which is based upon such a system, with whatever difficulties it may have to contend from time to time, must always in the long run be crowned with success.

3. Two months have passed since the conclusion of Mr. Anthony Trollope's last serial novel, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*,\* and it has no doubt already become a favourite with the large class of readers who object to taking their mental amusement by weekly or monthly dribblets, and wait, with what seems to others edifying self-denial, till the work has appeared as a whole in the orthodox form. In the case of *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, Mr. Trollope has thrown an additional spell of interest over his readers by the resolution which he has announced of letting them hear now for the last time of a number of characters with whom he has made them familiar. It is the leave-taking of a whole company of well-graced actors—if, at least, we are to understand literally the declaration of the manager. Mr. Trollope seems to have been a little afraid of his own constancy: and, as if to make himself safe against the temptation of having "more last words" by and by, he has killed some of his best characters right off. Mrs. Proudie is no more: her monument—with a somewhat "advanced" inscription, at which she would probably have protested violently if she could have read it in her lifetime—adorns the aisles of Barchester Cathedral. Possibly Dr. Proudie put "*requiescat in pace*" over her ashes to show that he was no longer afraid of her. Not far from this lamented lady, Mr. Trollope's favourite and ideal clergyman, Mr. Septimus Harding, rests, as he lived, in peace. These, however, are, we think, all our losses within the period covered by *The Last Chronicle*. Lord de Guest and Lady Alexandrina Crosbie were announced as dead at its commencement. Mr. Dobbs Broughton commits suicide in the course of the novel—not much regretted either by his wife or by the reader, who could perhaps have borne never to have known of his existence, or indeed of that of his wife either, or of that of Lady Demolines, or her daughter Madalina, or of one or two of the other new characters who figure in the back-

\* *The Last Chronicle of Barset*. By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. London, 1867.



ground of the principal scenes of the drama developed in these pages. In the secondary parts of *The Chronicle* Mr. Trollope is inferior to himself, and verges on caricature. Madalina, however, is perhaps necessary for the display of the full silliness of Mr. John Eames. We wish we could persuade Mr. Trollope to give us a real man for a change, as, one of his young "heroes." Harry Clavering is a "sheep," and John Eames is a "goose." Nevertheless, it is probable that the chief question which agitated the novel-reading public during the thirty-two weeks in which *The Chronicle* was issued, was connected with this young gentleman's chances of winning the hand of his old love, Miss Lilian Dale. Mr. Trollope condescended somewhat to tickle the appetite of his readers by letting the balance appear to incline somewhat in favour of Johnny for some little time before the end: but he was courageous and judicious enough to make Lily refuse him at last.

The real excellence of the novel lies in the powerful sketch of Mr. Crawley. He too is an old acquaintance: but in this present work Mr. Trollope has made him the principal figure. He is accused of stealing a cheque, and appearances are so far against him that he is bound over to appear at the assizes. Under the pressure of the misery of his family, his own perplexity as to the account he has to give of the cheque, and the persecution brought upon him by Mrs. Proudie in consequence of the suspicion against him, the man's inner nature is forced as it were to the surface and we have a character put before us really worthy of study. Mr. Trollope has taken great pains with this part of his *Chronicle*: indeed the whole work is written with a care not at once evident. It is artistically complete, and there is very little indeed that does not serve to the main purpose of the story. It would appear at first sight to be not so very difficult to carry on further the sayings and doings of a number of characters which are already familiar to the reader in other works. No doubt Archdeacon Grantly, Lady Lufton, Mrs. Thorne, Mrs. Proudie, Lily Dale, the Squire, John Eames, and Sir Raffle Buffle, are quite sure to attract interest to any pages in which they may figure, just as we should be very willing to accept an invitation which promised us the chance of meeting them in real life. But Mr. Trollope has put many of these imaginary personages into new and trying combinations in *The Last Chronicle*, and none but a master could have kept them so much the same as before and yet different enough under the circumstances, and with the working of time on their characters. Thus it has come to pass, that we part from them with real regret, as from acquaintances who have a substantial existence and whom yet we are not to see again.

We must suppose that the apology with which Mr. Trollope concludes the novel is not inserted merely for the sake of filling up a page. Mr. Trollope has drawn a great many clerical characters, and he tells us that he has been found fault with for making them, in point of fact—for the charge comes to this—too worldly. "There are those," he says, "who have told me that I have made all my clergymen bad, and none good. I must venture to hint to such judges that they have taught their eyes to love a colouring higher

than nature justifies." In short, Mr. Trollope—though he makes one or two other excuses—retorts on his accusers that the ordinary English clergyman is not so very unworldly after all. He has certainly meant to draw both Mr. Harding and Mr. Crawley as men of the highest virtue: but Mr. Harding's is a sweetness and gentleness too delicate for common wear, and Mr. Crawley is indisputably proud. We think that Mr. Trollope's pictures have been unpopular with certain "religious" cliques among Protestants and Anglicans, because he has not fallen in with their predilections; and it is certainly remarkable that he should feel himself obliged to make an excuse for telling the truth. The lower Evangelicals will never forgive him for the portrait of the vulgar and unctuous impostor whose ears were boxed in *Barchester Towers*: and perhaps the higher Anglicans can hardly be pleased at the way in which he made Mr. Oriel subside into marriage and give up his daily service, or at his somewhat similar handling of one of his most orthodox characters, Mr. Arabin. When, too, he imagined Mrs. Proudie, he shot a bolt of satire against one of the weakest points of the practical system of Anglicanism which told with the greatest effect. Nothing better can be said in defence of Mr. Trollope than that if his novels are studied two or three centuries hence as the pamphlets and lighter writings of the age of the Stuarts were studied by Macaulay before he gave his sketch of the condition of the Anglican clergy, and for a similar purpose, we think that his picture would in the main be historically true. It is a far different picture, certainly, from that drawn by Macaulay: but the condition and the circumstances of the English clergy at the two epochs are greatly different. Their social position and influence have risen immensely, perhaps even within the last half century: but even the advantages which have accrued to them work unfavourably upon them as to the very point on which Mr. Trollope is supposed to have been severe. He has drawn many good, many well-meaning, many respectable and virtuous clergymen in his novels: but he has given them all a tinge of worldliness, he has not painted them as learned, or as ascetic, or as sacerdotal. There are many men among them to whom those epithets may apply as far as is possible under their circumstances, and there are ten times as many who have taken "Orders" with the sincerest intention of deserving the praise implied in those epithets. It has been in the main the fault of their system that they have not achieved their aim (leaving out of sight, of course, higher and more theological considerations); and the few who have retained and to some extent carried out the aspirations which they may have caught from the use of Catholic books on the Priesthood must feel that the difference between their own ideal and that of the vast majority of their brethren is one of kind, not of degree.

4. A new epic in the English language is an unusual phenomenon, and in some respects it is a relief from the many volumes of poetry which are continually published, and in which no single piece occupies more than a dozen pages, while the great majority occupy far less. Mr. Morris has selected the story of Jason for the theme

of his verse.\* In this he is but following in a now well-beaten track. The imitation of Greek poetry has not taken so firm a hold on our modern English school as the selection of Greek subjects, but both are symptoms of a tendency in the mind of the age which deserves study and analysis. Wordsworth in one or two of his finest poems struck, perhaps, the key note of this movement. Keats, whose scholarship was far from perfect, still caught much of the Greek beauty and plaintiveness, at least in his last and noblest work, *Hyperion*. Shelley's nobler Muse had chosen the same strain. Tennyson, we think, was for a time the disciple of Keats, and in the last thirty years the effects of the impulse have been shown in the writings of a score of minor poets, many of whose pieces have a perfectly Greek air. Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Morris have joined but lately in the chorus. Some of these writers are we fear almost pagans in feeling; they adopt the yearnings, the fears, and the uncertainties which underlie the philosophy and the poetry of Greece as the conditions of their own thoughts with regard to life and the universe. Some have even thrown themselves passionately into the more sensuous worship of the Beautiful in its lowest manifestations, while others have caught the very spirit of Sophocles in his calm and cold irony. Greek poetry, like Italian painting, or Gothic architecture, has a dozen different schools, and its modern echoes take up the notes first of one and then of another, according to the tone of mind and genius of the different writers. With the majority, however, we may suppose that poetry has been the exercise of an Art, and that they have chosen the Greek models as the most worthy of imitation, and the Greek mythology as opening the richest field for the exercise of their imaginative and interpretative faculties.

This is not the first appearance of Mr. Morris as a poet, but it will be always remembered as his first success. He avows himself, in a beautiful passage near the end of his volume, a pupil of Chaucer, and so far he separates himself from the modern school of which we have been speaking. Of nineteenth century poets he reminds us most of Keats: but he is not so luscious or so exuberant as that writer in his *Endymion*, nor perhaps does he ever quite rise to the grandeur of the *Hyperion*. In many respects he has caught the Greek spirit admirably. Medea is best known to us as represented in the tragedy of Euripides: Mr. Morris has painted her more as Homer would have painted her. There is a softness and tenderness thrown over her which breathes the air of the Odyssey. She is simple too, as she would have been in a Greek epic. There is a rapidity of action, a changefulness of imagery, and at the same time an uniformity of tone about the poem which is very *sea-like*, and very Homeric; an occasional strain of melancholy or rather of calm half-ironical philosophy amid the general brightness and lightness which is Homeric also. The element which is most wanting is strength and power: and the prettiness, versatility, and gracefulness of the Greek character have been caught rather than its depth and intellectual force. We must also say that Mr. Morris seems to us to be one of a number of writers who are gradually lowering the level of what

\* *The Life and Death of Jason*. A Poem. By W. Morris. Lond. 1867.

is supposed to be morally unobjectionable in literature. Authors who imitate the ancients may of course defend themselves against Christian criticism by referring to passages in Greek and Latin poetry or to the walls of Pompeii. But we do not want the walls of Pompeii in modern English poetry. There are one or two writers of our own time who have imitated the worst and most passionate bursts of unrestrained licentiousness in heathen art. These have been at once proscribed, and to do them justice, they have not come before the public with Horace's profession, *Virginibus puerisque canto*. In a certain sense other writers are more mischievous—those who avoid what is supposed to be outrageously gross and improper, and yet are continually, we may almost say, revelling in minor indelicacies. There are worse things in Homer and Virgil, perhaps, than are to be found in their pages, but the general tone of Homer and Virgil is higher and less sensuous than theirs. There are, in the same way, many modern novels which are eagerly read by those who would blush to be found with one of Smollett's novels in their hands. There is nothing, perhaps, outrageous in any one passage, but the mischief is not less mischievous because administered in infinitesimal doses, and with the nasty taste taken away. In the case before us, we consider that the fault is noticeable not only on higher grounds, but also as, in some extent, an unfaithfulness to the noble and manly models which Mr. Morris seems to have proposed to himself to imitate.

5. "Perceiving the inconsistency of this" (*i.e.* of what the writer spoken of had just delivered as a part of a revelation made to her) "with the prayers and offerings of the Church, she says, &c. . . . But we have obviously no right to involve ourselves in intellectual perplexities, and then to call upon God to release us from our difficulty." The writer thus contemptuously spoken of is a canonised Saint of intellectual power almost as wonderful as her holiness, St. Catharine of Genoa, and the book, which is represented as opposed to the practice of the Catholic Church and a specimen of intellectual confusion, is her grand and touching *Treatise on Purgatory*. Her critic is the Anglican author of No. 2 of *Tracts for the Day*, a series of essays\* on theological subjects "addressed to educated and intelligent Catholics," which "will aim at stating in plain language the reasons which make the religionism of the day untenable, and will illustrate and defend the historical belief and traditional practice of Christendom." Happily "plain language" has not been by any means successfully aimed at in those of the series which have as yet appeared; instead of the clear and incisive style which arrested attention in the earlier of the *Tracts for the Times*, the phraseology of this new series of "the more advanced school" seems to imitate and even outrun the cumbrous and perplexed periods of the Tract on "Baptism." We say "happily;" because we think that the misrepresentation of the prevailing belief of Christendom by writers professing to "illustrate and defend" it would otherwise be more mischievous than the open attacks of those who glory in the name of Protestant. As the mare's nest on which the writer on *Purgatory* has stumbled in St. Catharine's

\* *Tracts for the Day*, Nos. 1-5. Longmans, 1867.

treatise may perhaps reappear in a form likely to perplex or pain some Catholics unacquainted with the Saint's writings, we think it worth while to devote a few lines to it. But as we have spoken of misrepresentations of our belief as a characteristic of the series, we will first give a few other instances from No. 3 and No. 5.

The "outward form," which the writer of No. 3 uses in the sense of "matter" of confirmation, is said to be "in the East chrism, in the West, the laying on of hands by the Bishop." It is represented in No. 5 as the teaching of the whole Church, without even a hint of any contrary definition, that after the consecration "the union of the bread and wine with the Body and Blood of Christ, *each remaining in its own nature*, constitutes the Sacrament." The Sacrament of Extreme Unction, we are told, "is not reserved there," *i. e.* in the East, "for the last moments of life. It is administered to the penitent sick in the faith and spirit of St. James's directions, in the hope of benefiting both soul and body. And this is the true way. The Roman doctrine, that it is for those *in extremis*, is doubtless one of those 'corrupt followings of the Apostles' rejected by us." The orders of Bishop, Priest, and Deacon are called "the three greater orders," and we are told that "the Church has, *at various times*, added to these three four inferior orders. With regard to matrimony, it is given as the uniform teaching of the Church that "to make marriage a sacrament, there must be, besides the consent of the contracting parties, the sacerdotal benediction." All this probably is pure blundering; but for another assertion that "unchastity of the woman before marriage" is one of "seven cases which render marriage void," we are unable to discover any shadow of a reason except the writer's own interpretation on his own private judgment of a word in St. Matthew. What with this new diriment *impediment*, and the deduction from the necessity of the sacerdotal benediction which he does not hesitate to draw that "it is more than doubtful" whether a marriage before a curate in deacon's orders "is not equally null and void, as if he were to celebrate the Holy Eucharist," a very large proportion of Anglican heads of families must be in this essayist's judgment really unmarried. It is less surprising after this to meet with the utterly groundless assertion that both Greeks and Romans are now being led "to regard the Church of England no longer as a mere Protestant sect, but as an integral portion of the one universal Church."

But to return to St. Catharine's inconsistencies and perplexities, which the writer on Purgatory also represents as the view generally prevailing at present, and as opposed to the teaching of Bellarmine and the Roman Catechism. "The Greeks at Florence were thought not to be sufficiently severe in their view of the state of departed sinners, and were even pressed to admit a fiery purgation. But now it appears there is no purgation at all, and that the fires of Purgatory are, in the broadest sense, a pleasure. As to the fires, they have disappeared." St. Catharine speaks much and strongly of the perfect union of the wills of those suffering in Purgatory with the Divine will, and of their perfect contentment, in consequence, with God's decrees, and again of their intense sense of His unspotted sanctity

and strict justice, which would lead them to plunge into even greater torments rather than stand in His presence one moment before they were perfectly cleansed. The revelations made to her brought out these two great truths more prominently than before; while some other revelations have presented chiefly the other facts of the tremendous severity of the sufferings both of loss and of sense and the inability of the prisoners to help themselves. There is no sort of inconsistency between the two sets of truths. A man anxious to save his life would be perfectly contented to submit to a frightfully painful operation, would be sorry to be released before it was fully performed, and would thank the operator for keeping him in exquisite suffering as long as was necessary. Would this writer say that the operation was "in the broadest sense a pleasure"? Still, if St. Catharine had only put forward this side of the subject, we should not have been surprised at a Protestant blundering into the notion that he had discovered statements in contradiction with other teaching. But in the same treatise the Saint declares, that "the pain is so extreme that no tongue can tell it, no understanding grasp the least portion of it," that it "is almost as if it were that of hell," and, still more to the point, that the "contentment" of the soul with its sufferings, which this writer confounds with pleasure, "does not take away one iota of the pain;" and she concludes by wishing that she could "cry out so loud as to frighten all the men who dwell on the earth," and induce them to do penance in this life. So far from the fires disappearing in her teachings, she expressly distinguishes between the pain of loss and that of sense, *both* of which are endured, and compares the "Divine fire" of the latter to that in which gold is slowly refined. The essayist fancies that St. Catharine's teaching, that the souls are detained "until every defect is burnt away and God has brought them, each in its own degree, to a certain standard of perfection," is inconsistent with the doctrine that they are aided by the suffrages of the faithful; and in true Protestant fashion concludes that what seems an inconsistency to him *must* have seemed so to her. Yet she herself asserts that they experience great consolation from alms, prayers, and Masses, and that it is the Divine will that they should do so; and one would have thought it an easy thing to see that the same intense conformity with that will which would make them unwilling to leave Purgatory a moment before their debt was paid, would also make them rejoice that the Church on earth according to the intention of its Head should assist in paying it. But to our essayist this is to "involve ourselves in intellectual perplexities, and then call on God to release us from our difficulty," which "we have obviously no right to do." We cannot help wishing that it were equally obvious to such writers, that they have no right, because they are muddled themselves, to accuse the Saints of confusion of mind and heretical teaching. The indignation which it is natural to feel at such contemptuous treatment of a canonised Saint by one who professes "to illustrate and defend the belief of Christendom," ought not, however, to be indulged. Very great allowances ought to be made for writers in the position of these essayists. It is impossible for us to measure the moral and mental difficulties resulting from the



entanglements in which they are placed. It is a sort of necessity of their position to recognise no supreme authority except their own interpretation of a misunderstood past and their own expectations of an impossible future, and to be constantly employed in opposing and disparaging their own ecclesiastical superiors. Thus for instance in the Tract on the Sacraments the bishops are accused of "cold-blooded cruelty in this practice" with regard to Confirmation, "which can only be accounted for on the supposition that men do not now believe in the Holy Ghost nor in the promises of Christ." Again, we are told of "the very remarkable fact, that the bishops, with one or two honourable exceptions, who are most loud in denouncing innovations, confine their displeasure to such customs as tend to reverence and devotion, but are silent on the practice of evening communions, which absolutely profanes the Blessed Sacrament." All this must make it very difficult to maintain a habit of reverence even towards the Saints. And again the necessity in which they are placed of explaining away disagreeable statements in the Articles and Rubrics, and their use of the extraordinary expedients to which they are driven to have recourse in the attempt, must very much mitigate our displeasure when we find them doing violence to the wording of our own Catechism, or even to the language of our Saints. Only conceive, for example, the effect of an habitual employment of such processes as that by which the teaching of the 25th Article, that "The five commonly called Sacraments," *i.e.* all except Baptism and the Lord's Supper, "are not to be counted for Sacraments of the Gospel, being such as have grown partly of the corrupt following of the Apostles, partly are states of life allowed in the Scriptures," is said only to mean that these Sacraments are not universally necessary for salvation; as if even those imaginary "Romanenses," whose teaching is supposed to be condemned, could be thought to have held that it was necessary for salvation for every one to be both married and ordained! Further, we must in fairness plead in behalf of the particular writer on whose way of handling St. Catharine's treatise we have been remarking, that his ideas about the use of words must be peculiar even for Tract-writers; since he informs his readers within the compass of a few lines, first, that the doctrine of Purgatorial fire not being of faith, "the great mass of Roman Catholics do not hold it at present;" then, that "Fire is popularly believed to be the agent of suffering, and perhaps this is generally taught;" and then, that "in fact few reasoning men now believe it."

6. The great inferiority in numbers of the Confederates in the late civil war in America, together with the fact that they had almost uniformly to act on the defensive in their own country, which was occupied by armies against whom the feelings of the resident population were arrayed, gave occasion for the organisation of a system of "partisan" or "guerilla" warfare which brought out individual gallantry and enterprise in the highest degree, and was carried on with ever-varying incidents of an adventurous and romantic character. We may venture to predict that, when the heat of



angry feeling has died away, and content and prosperity become again normal as the conditions of life in the once Confederate States, future novelists who may deal with the late great struggle in America as Scott dealt with Border warfare or as Fenimore Cooper dealt with the conflicts between France and England, or red man and white, in his own country, will find the incidents of the Partisan defence very much to their purpose. The most famous name connected with this system of hostilities is that of Colonel Mosby, who for the last two years of the war was generally hovering somewhere in the rear of the invading armies of the Federals, cutting off pickets, capturing detached officers, intercepting railway trains and convoys of provisions, very much indeed to the annoyance of his enemies. At one time there was a disposition to treat him and his men as brigands, but the force was legally organised under the Confederate authorities, and Mosby himself always carried a commission in his pocket. His system was a sort of application of "privateering" to land warfare: the men were volunteers, and divided the spoils as in the case of a prize at sea. The success of the system, as a means of harassing and even crippling the enemy, was very great. Mosby, "by the admission of the enemy, kept on the defensive more than thirty-five thousand of their forces—an army which would otherwise have been employed on the active theatre of war. In producing this result, which is unparalleled when his small force is taken into the account, he captured a multitude of prisoners and destroyed many millions of public property, whilst he mounted, equipped, and enriched his followers with spoil torn from the hostile armies" (Pref. p. xii.). His presence often had the effect of forcing a change of operations on the enemy, and it was afterwards thought that if he had been thrown with his "partisans" on the rear of Sherman in his advance on Atlanta he might have been successful in making that march an entire failure.

The chief incidents of the career of Mosby's irregular force have been collected by Major John Scott, and set forth in an amusing volume, published, we believe, both in America and England.\* The details are naturally somewhat minute, and it requires either a knowledge of the country or a personal acquaintance with the people engaged to carry on the reader through the succession of small exploits of which guerilla warfare is necessarily made up: but many of the incidents are either racy or romantic, and the whole narrative probably gives a very good idea of the state of society in Virginia during the years in which it was the chief scene of warlike operations.

7. The readers of M. de Montalembert's last volumes of his history of the *Monks of the West* will remember the character of the brave Oswald King of Deira as one of the most engaging and conspicuous in the romantic story of the conquest of England to Christianity. It would be difficult to find any where in history a more complete picture of a Christian hero. His early years were passed in exile in Iona, where he learnt the faith of which he was to become so famous a champion. He regained his kingdom in great measure by his own valour, and when seated on the throne of his

\* *Partisan Life with Mosby*. By John Scott. London, 1867.

fathers he used his influence to confer on his people the blessings of the true religion. He was missionary as well as soldier, saint as well as king: and his life was closed on the field of battle in defence of his country. The name of such a prince as this would long ago have been familiar to our very children, it would have become one of the household words of England, enshrined in popular and universal tradition, but for the break of connection in our national memory occasioned by the Reformation. We all learn something of the history of our country as children, but the names of our great men before the days of Henry VIII. are almost as far from the hearts of the majority of Englishmen as if they belonged to the annals of France or Spain. The Reformation practically separates one period of our history from another, as much as if it had been a catastrophe like the Deluge or the Dispersion of Babel.

M. de Montalembert and other writers of kindred power in our own country may perhaps help to break down the wall by which we have been so long content to be divided from so many of the purest and noblest glories of England. Even Protestant writers are beginning to find it possible to deal with Saxon or Norman times without thinking it a necessary duty to sneer at the religion or decry the manners of our ancestors: though it is not very long since a poet of the high standing of Mr. Taylor could not write about *Edwin the Fair* without attacking Catholicism. Still, it is remarkable, we think, how much shrinking there is from the history and literature of Catholic England. Surely, M. de Montalembert's late volumes shows what is the richness of the field which our own writers are content to leave untilld. We do not know whether we are indebted to his pages for having suggested the drama which now lies before us—*Oswald of Deira*, by Lady Chatterton: but in any case it constitutes a welcome addition to our historical poetry. Lady Chatterton has chosen the earlier life of Oswald as the period of her drama—he has not yet regained the throne of Deira. The scene is laid at Venta (Winchester), the capital of Wessex, the king of which, Cynegils, is still Pagan, and in alliance with Cadwallon, King of North Wales. Elfrid, the daughter of Cynegils, is attached to Oswald, but her hand is sought by Cadwallon, and her father, from motives of policy, is inclined to favour the suit of his ally. Elfrid is not yet a Christian, and Cadwallon forbears from urging his proposals too strongly, lest the princess should dream of him on the night of her eighteenth birthday,—it being one of the Saxon superstitions that the person so dreamt of would die within the year, unless the lady chooses to give her life as a voluntary sacrifice to save him. Meanwhile Oswald is shipwrecked on the coast, hears that Elfrid is to be given to Cadwallon, and attempts to rescue her: but he is taken prisoner by the guards of the Welsh Prince. This produces the knot which the dramatist has, of course, to untie before the end of the last act, where we find the hands of Oswald and Elfrid happily joined by the father of the lady. If any of our readers should wish to know how this problem is solved, we cannot do better than refer them to the pages of Lady Chatterton's interesting poem.





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## CHAPTER I.

*Childhood of Henry Lacordaire—His first Studies at Dijon—He loses his Faith—He completes his Course of Law Studies.*



T happened, in the year 1793, that the parishioners of Recey-sur-Ource, a small village near Chatillon-sur-Seine in Burgundy, rose in revolt against their curé. The Abbé Magné, who had been called on once before to accept the civil constitution of the clergy, had hitherto contented himself with keeping silence, and had continued the discharge of his sacred functions. This time the malcontents returned to the charge, and were resolved to have their way.

All the revolutionary, as well as all the timid inhabitants of the parish collected round the presbytery, and, tumultuously forcing their way in, obliged the curé to repair to the church. There, before the altar, they called on him to take the oath. The Abbé Magné, whose disposition, though naturally gentle, showed itself firm and intrepid in the presence of danger, endeavoured to explain his conduct. He reminded his people of the law of God, of the rights of conscience, and his own duty as a priest; and appealed to the religious sentiments of those around him, and their affection which had

been so often tried. But his words were drowned in a clamour of threats and blasphemies. Guns and sabres were pointed at his person. The abbé bared his breast; "Kill me," he said, "if that be your pleasure, but know that I will never take a sacrilegious oath." There was a moment's hesitation, then a voice made itself heard above the tumult, crying out, "Let him go! but woe be to him if he come back again!"

The crowd drove before them the pastor of whom they were not worthy, accompanying him to the end of the village with their yells and hisses. Then they returned to the presbytery, in order to satisfy their rage by sacking and pillaging its humble contents.

Meanwhile the curé journeyed on, abandoned to the care of God, with his head bowed down, and his heart drowned in sorrow, when, at a turn in the road, he suddenly came upon a group of children, who surrounded him, weeping and kissing his hands. They were those whom, a few months previously, he had received to their first communion. Guided by their hearts they had come by different roads to this spot in order to bid adieu to their pastor. The tears of the old man and of the children mingled in a last embrace. It was a simple and sublime leave-taking, which, to the desolate heart of the poor priest, was at once his reward and the viaticum of his exile, and in the midst of so dark a night gave him a gleam of hope for the future.

The Abbé Magné wandered for a long time in the neighbourhood of Langres, living almost on nothing, and hiding himself among the rocks and forests. His retreat being at length discovered, he crossed over into Switzerland, with a soldier's knapsack on his back, and thence found his way into Italy, and lived for some years at Rome. But Rome was not his parish; the dome of St Peter's

could not make him forget the steeple of his own church ; and one evening he re-entered Recey, with his knapsack on his shoulders and his stick in his hand.

The popular excitement was by this time quieted ; nevertheless, there still existed no little danger for the proscribed priest, as well as for those who should offer him an asylum. He went to the house of M. Nicolas Lacordaire, the village doctor of Recey. He well knew his liberal opinions, but he knew him also to be the friend of order, and to possess a generous heart. He was not deceived in his expectations. The door was opened to him, and the priest was kindly welcomed and carefully concealed. An altar was raised in a retired part of the house ; and there, for three months, those Christians who still remained faithful were enabled to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, to have their children baptized, and to listen to the word of God.

Three years after these events, the Abbé Magné baptized John Baptist Henry Lacordaire. It was on the 12th of May 1802, the same year in which France beheld her churches re-opened, and restored to the service of public worship. If the Abbé Magné could at that moment have rent the veil which conceals the future, and have foreseen what the child was one day to become, he would not have failed to recognise the blessing of God which had rested on this house, in recompense for the protection granted to the persecuted priest—Jesus Christ thus rewarding in the son the father who had given him shelter under his roof—and, whilst returning thanks to the good Providence which had at last restored to the faithful their desecrated temples, he would also have thanked God for sending an apostle who was one day to fill those same temples with wondering and enraptured crowds.







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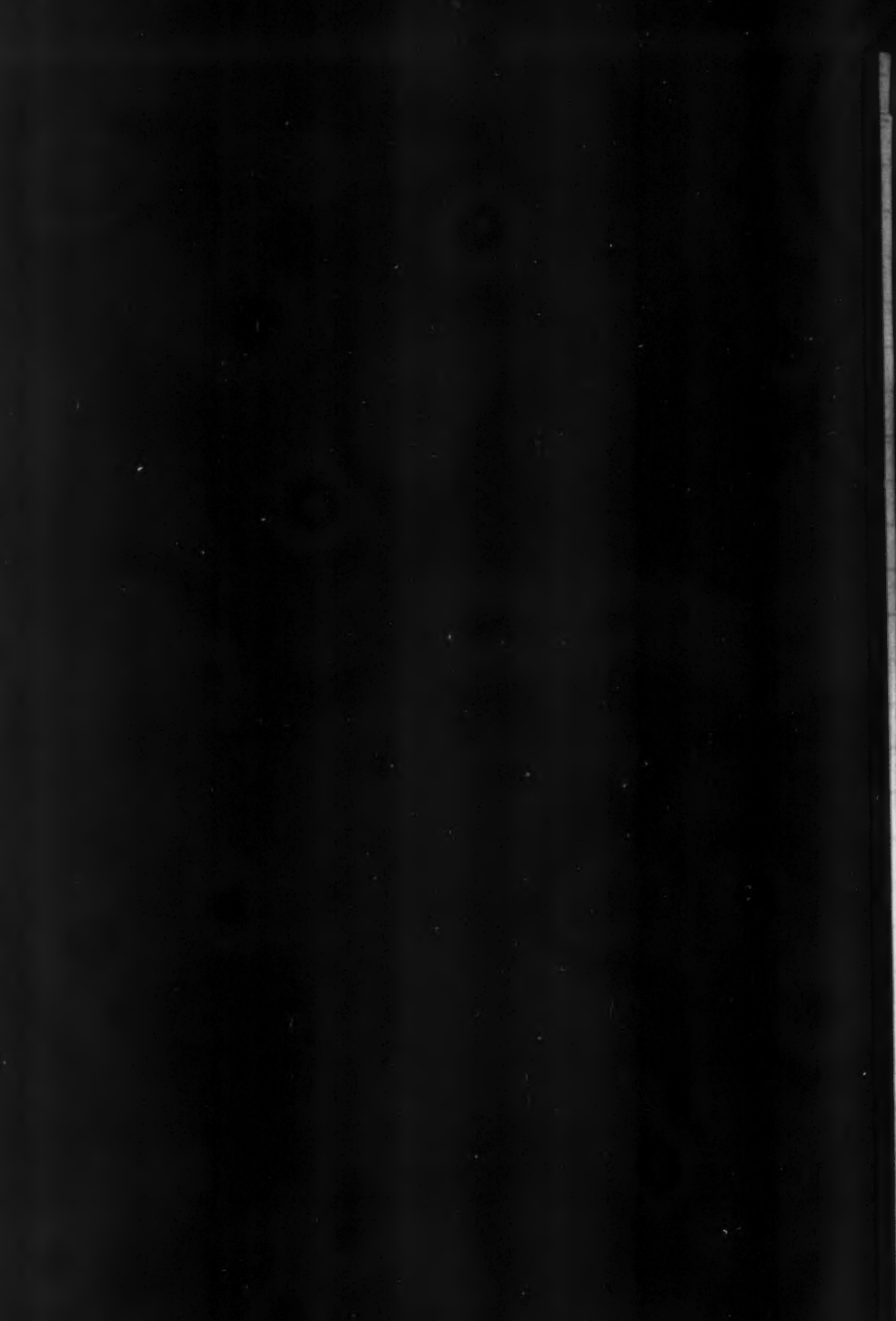
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<i>That the Capital of the Company actually paid up and invested was</i>	£391,752
<i>That the Fire Premiums for the year were</i>	818,055
<i>That the Losses paid and provided for under Fire Policies were</i>	628,152
<i>That 1,661 Proposals had been received for Life Insurances in the aggregate sum of</i>	929,270
<i>That 1,334 Policies had been issued insuring</i>	£740,608
<i>That 141 Proposals had been declined for</i>	81,600
<i>That 186 Proposals had not been completed for</i>	107,062
<i>That the new Life Premiums of the year were</i>	24,523
<i>That the total Premiums were</i>	254,397
<i>That the claims under Life Policies with their Bonuses were</i>	188,355
<i>That Bonds for Annuities had been granted, amounting to</i>	3,488
<i>That the total Annuities now payable were.</i>	40,764
<i>That the Special Reserve for the Life Department Engagements amounted to</i>	1,856,493
<i>That the Amount of the Reserve Surplus Fund is</i>	971,410
<i>That after payment of Dividend there will remain a Balance of Undivided Profit of</i>	34,680

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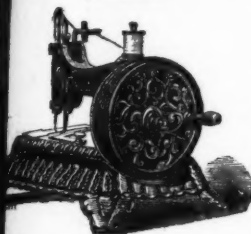
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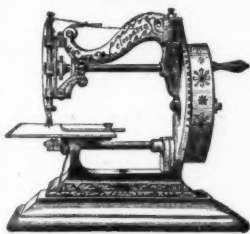


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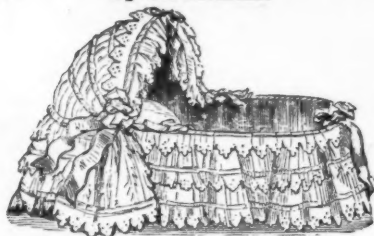
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